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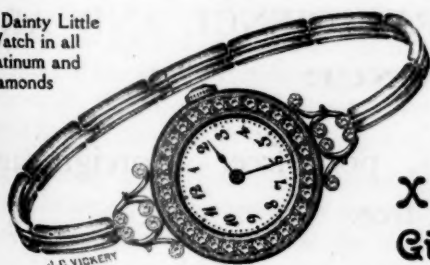
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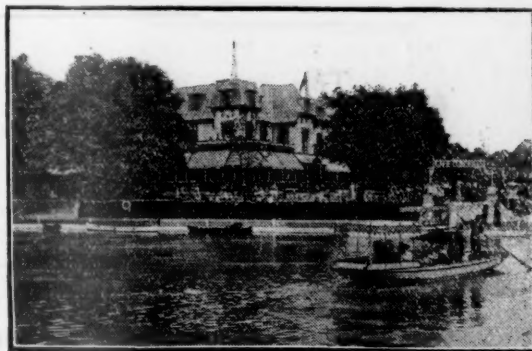


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The Christmas Glow

THE pessimist—by which term we mean not so much the man who prefers to look on the dark side of things, as the man for whom there exists no bright side—has one of the hardest struggles of his overcast career during the month of December. He has, by some black art or other, to conjure up a sneer when his fellows are smiling, to resist the innocent contagion of laughter, to suffer the annoyance of *menus* at club and restaurant whereupon the special dishes peculiar to the season are invariably inscribed. He has to face the Christmas glow of a whole people without betraying any reflection of that notable light, and his gloomy task is not lessened by the fact that it actually begins toward the end of October, when the preliminary murmurs of the Christmas numbers refuse to be drowned by the cataract of autumn books.

It is difficult to analyse this peculiar, elusive, fascinating influence, so foreign to the warmth of summer, so inseparable, in our land, from the neutral days of winter. It does not depend, of course, upon temperature or weather, since on the other side of the world it is no less strong and beautiful. So gentle is its approach that there is no single moment which we can fix as the point when we realised its coming; yet, one autumn day, the sight of a paragraph in the paper, or the announcement in some window of a by-street that a mysterious "Christmas Club" is "now open," or a sentence in a boy's letter from school that shows his thoughts to be running on the holidays, on the delightful boyish festival of "breaking-up," will bring a sudden thrill. We feel, then, that the glow of the final week has been round us, touching preoccupied humanity here and there as with invisible fingers. Once more Orion is high in the Southern heaven, with Sirius in his gleaming train, and strange stars that belong to warmer climes manage to peer above the horizon at the mid-hours of night. Once more leaves have fallen, fruit has been gathered, the late flowers have blenched in the wintry gales. Once more, Christmas is coming.

The thought startles us at first; but we soon grow accustomed to it, and in the leisure of days that seem to become more imperiously busy as time mows them down we make our preparations. Even early in November we are forced to take thought for absent friends; there still remain corners of the planet, outposts of Empire, which seven or eight weeks of travel by steamer and rail and wagon will only reach just in time, and we can hardly gauge the disappointment of the man who rides forty miles for the letters and parcels of a tiny community to find nothing in the rare post, perhaps, for himself. His share may come afterward, but half the happiness of Christmas lies in the united pleasures of the day.

In the cities and towns, the actual, perceptible glow mounts into the sky as a nightly signal of the excitement of the people. Every little shop must have its holly; even some of the railway stations—wrongly called prosaic and unpoetic—are festooned and transformed. The arrival of the week itself, the climax of a month's energies, signifies the utter downfall of the pessimist if he has within his surly frame any human kindness at all. Everywhere he goes he is surrounded by merry faces; rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, happy voices, all make their irresistible appeal; Scrooge though he may be during the rest of the year, he has his visions at the last, and breaks into responsive smiles. The ordinary man, even though he may build his altar and dedicate it "To the Unknown God," feels no need to rebel against so universal and so beneficent a festival—he agrees with the natural humane desire that the greatest number should be happy whatever road they may travel. But there can be no doubt that to the one who worships at the shrine of Him who was heralded so magnificently as "The Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty Guide, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," the Christmas brings the finest thoughts, the most permanent joys, the sweetest and most gracious memories of all.

W. L. R.

The Gift Desired

I WOULD ask a gift of thee,—
Train my fancy, Poesy!
Feed it with a dear desire,
Warm it at thy living fire;
Lead it to Pieria's brink—
Of those waters let it drink:
Every sinew, every nerve,
Make them so they shall not swerve.
Then, when thou hast done thy best,
To my fancy leave the rest:—
Let it try the highest bars,
Straining even to the stars.
This the gift I ask of thee,—
Train my fancy, Poesy!

ANTOINETTE DE COURSEY PATTERSON.

Protest

THROUGH the hot Sabbath noon we sing and pray,
 But when from sin the preacher bids us turn
 And freely proffered grace no longer spurn,
 My glances through the open south door stray
 To where, in wonder at the empty day,
 July sits gipsy-brown amongst the fern,
 With challenging red lips, and eyes that burn
 With scorn for those who will not though they may.

And this resenting, though to laughter nigh,
 My heart makes protest: "Truly there be some
 Who fear against the night that needs must come
 To take what day gives gladly, and so die
 With hearts that never loved; pass, blind and dumb,
 Dead songs upon their lips—but not so I!"

W. G. HOLE.

Alternatives to Civil War*

A VERY thoughtful pamphlet has lately appeared setting forth the author's view of the only ways in which civil war in Ireland can be avoided. The policies of the Liberal and Conservative parties are carefully reviewed, and it is argued that two alternatives only exist which can secure a tolerable solution of the Irish difficulty.

Referring to Mr. Churchill's speech at Dundee, to Mr. Asquith's speech at Ladybank, and to Mr. Bonar Law's speech at Wallsend, it is contended that there is a disposition at the present time to endeavour to arrange a compromise; but if that idea cannot be consummated, the author contends that there is no intermediate hope of conciliation, and that the Conservative policy of a General Election and the Radical policy of coercion alone hold the field. In my view, neither of the solutions is a satisfactory one or is likely to secure the desired end, although the former is not devoid of hope. The Radical predilection for coercion is extremely strange, because they have always denounced the principle in Ireland when it was evoked to secure the observance of law and order and to break up murderous and seditious associations. "Force is no remedy" was Mr. Bright's favourite maxim. I think that it is a remedy for the suppression of crime, but I do not think that it will be found to be a remedy for the suppression of a fervid demand for the preservation of personal and religious freedom.

Reference has been made to the leading case where the attempted policy of enforcing unpopular legislation most conspicuously failed. I refer of course to the policy of Lord North in endeavouring to impose upon the American Colonies a measure to which they were determined they would not submit. In this case it was merely a question of a tax; in the case of Ulster the resistance would be based on a passionate feeling that their personal and religious liberty would be sacrificed. It is all very well for the Prime Minister to talk

about using all the resources of the United Kingdom to suppress sentiments such as these, but I venture to say that if ever the attempt is made a repetition of Sir Robert Walpole's famous dictum and its realisation in reference to a war, which then had popular sentiment behind it: "They may ring their bells now; they will soon be wringing their hands," will be bitterly recalled.

I entirely agree with the author of the pamphlet referred to, that settlement by consent, or, as he puts it, by co-operation, might produce a feasible and tolerable solution. With respect to the prescription of a General Election, with a good deal of experience in that direction, I do not believe that it would meet the case. A General Election involves, of course, the fate of a Ministry and temporarily of a party, and involves furthermore the loss, possibly for many years, of all the aims and objects which the party represents. No General Election has ever been confined to one point, and none ever will be. Prejudices and preferences of all kinds decide the issue, and a large portion of the electorate which may be cordially opposed to a single measure—such as, for example, the present Home Rule scheme—would yet vote to retain the present Ministry in office, to prevent the sacrifice of other aspirations. If settlement by consent, unhappily, should be found to be unattainable on tolerable lines, the one and only method of ascertaining the will of the people on an isolated policy is by the referendum. It is all very well to say that the referendum is unworkable, but the fact remains that it actually does work, and works well. In Switzerland, in Australia, in some of the States of the American Union, and in France, where it is known as the plébiscite, as a panacea it is not inferior to a General Election. In Switzerland it is very curious that bills which have been referred in this manner to the people have, in a vast majority of cases, been disagreed with. The result, however, has not meant the fall of a Ministry; it has simply spelt the failure of a policy, or perhaps, more accurately, I should say a policy framed in a particular manner as exemplified in a definite Bill. There is no space here to deal with the various ways in which such a popular vote may be arranged to be taken. Suffice it to say that the difficulties have been largely exaggerated, and as compared with the problem of reconciling the two Irelands at one stroke to co-operate in a single parliament, the difficulties are negligible.

It must be remembered, and the point is often forgotten, that even if Ulster or part of Ulster secured separate treatment, there might and there probably would be cause for violent friction between the parliament in Dublin and the parliament in Belfast as to the treatment of the isolated Protestants scattered throughout the south and west. The problem is one which can only become a proved success by gradual evolution, if it can succeed at all, and to start with certain strife, and as Mr. Oliver well expresses it, in face of the ill-wishes of a fourth of the population of Ireland, is a course ridiculous, criminal, and doomed to disaster.

Cecil Cowper.

* *The Alternatives to Civil War*. By F. S. OLIVER. (John Murray. 6d. net.)

Pepys' Christmas Days

BY E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

SIR WALTER SCOTT once said that Pepys' Diary was like a good sirloin which only requires to be basted with its own dripping, or words to that effect; and there is little doubt that this journal is the most human document which has come down to us from the past. Because, amid all the historic events he records and the notable people he limns, Pepys never affects to be a bigger man than he was, we all feel an affection almost personal for him. His little vanities, his adorable simplicity, his pathetic efforts to like books which all the world was reading, and which he therefore supposed he ought to like—but doesn't; his frankness about everything that concerns him, whether it be his pride in a new suit or a muff or a carriage, or his admiration for a pretty woman, are those humanising touches which make the immortal Diary not merely a record of extraordinary interest and value, but also a document as important as any of those *dossiers* which the industry of Balzac or Zola, to bracket two really very alien minds, crammed with the memoranda of alert observation.

The habit, which has become particularly marked in recent years, of recalling the deeds and experiences of earlier notabilities on particular occasions, leads us to wonder what Pepys did with himself on the nine Christmas Days which fall within the compass of his Diary. Let us see. The first recorded is that for the *Annus Mirabilis* 1660, the year in which the King came to his own again, a year in which the Convention Parliament, having given Charles all that was absolutely necessary to him, was on the eve of its dissolution which took place on December 29. In the morning Pepys goes to church to St. Olave's, Hart Street, where the rector, Daniel Miller, "made a very good sermon." The diarist was then living in a house belonging to, and adjoining, the Navy Office in Seething Lane, whither he had removed from Axe Yard, Westminster, in the previous June. So after church we find him returning "to a good shoulder of mutton and a chicken," the only guest being his brother Tom, who, we are carefully informed, had "come to see my wife's new mantle put on, which do please me very well." After dinner, a second visit to church, not so successful as the earlier one, inasmuch as a stranger preached a dull sermon which (or was it the dinner?) caused Pepys to fall asleep, ended this well-spent but not very hilarious Christmas Day. Pepys was notoriously a very regular church-goer, and the next anniversary of Christmas Day finds him again listening to Mr. Miller, who delivered "a good sermon." But an incident occurred on this visit; the sexton had forgotten to open the door of the pew, and Mr. Secretary had fain to stay until he arrived. We do not hear that he went a second time on December 25, 1661!

The entry of the third Christmas Day (1662) is a very full one. In the first place, we find Pepys walk-

ing to Whitehall with the intention of receiving the Communion in the chapel there; but, unfortunately, he arrived too late, with the result that he spent a not unprofitable hour looking at the pictures in the Palace, "particularly," he notes, "the ships in King Henry the VIII's voyage to Bullaen." These works, by the bye, were given by George III to the Society of Antiquaries, but were reclaimed by George IV, and are still in the Royal collection. Pepys, as Secretary to the Admiralty, was, of course, particularly interested in these maritime subjects, and he records "marking the difference between those (vessels) built then and now." After having had his fill of these works of art, he went again to the chapel, where he heard Bishop Morley, who had been translated from the See of Worcester to that of Winchester in the previous year, preach what his critic thought a poor sermon. It had, besides, the demerit of great length, and, as it reprehended "the common jollity of the Court," was probably as little pleasing to the larger portion of his auditory. After the sermon, an anthem, and the King's reception of the Sacrament, Pepys did not stay, but returned home, and "there dined by my wife's bedside with great content." The Christmas dinner consisted of "a mess of brave plum-porridge and a roasted pullet," and, as Mrs. Pepys was too unwell to make one herself, Pepys sent out for a mince-pie.

On the following Christmas Day, Pepys did not go to church at all. Instead, he appears to have been engaged in serious conversation with Mrs. Pepys, who had begun, "I know not whether by design or chance," writes her husband, "to enquire what she should do if I should by any accident die." To these questionings the diarist returned a light answer, but that they made him think is proved by his determination, stated in so many words, to make a will as soon as possible. In order, one supposes, to turn his mind into another channel, he spends the rest of the day till late in reading that valuable but very dry-as-dust compilation, "Rushworth's Historical Collections," the excellence of which, attested by Pepys, has been proved by many later investigators of the history of that period who have laid it under contribution.

The next anniversary of Christmas Day fell on a Sunday, and we find Pepys attending divine service in St. Dionis Backchurch, where Mr. Rawlinson was the vicar. The sermon was preached by one Maggett, who had been at St. Paul's School with the diarist. The discourse is noted as a good one, but Pepys's attention must have been sadly distracted, for there were in the church "very great store of fine women . . . more than I know anywhere else about us." This being the case, it is curious that this is the only occasion recorded by Pepys of a visit to the church—or had Mrs. Pepys heard of the beauty of a portion of the congregation? If this was so, and further attendances were not permitted, the diarist was lucky, on the following Christmas Day, in catching sight, again at church, of the

lady he calls "his beauty" and "our noble, fat, brave lady of our parish"—Mrs. Lethulier, the daughter of Sir William Hooker. Notwithstanding, or because of, this distraction, he was able to make a philosophical reflection: a wedding took place on the Christmas Day in question, and, seeing the young people so merry, Pepys, in unusually staid mood, remarks, "Strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them." The remainder of the day was spent in setting his papers—particularly those connected with the Tangiers affair—in order; and he piously hopes he may never suffer them to get into a like chaotic state again: "It was impossible," he writes, "for any soul, had I died, to understand them."

In the three following years, Pepys' Christmases were spent in much the same normal manner, although in that of 1666 his entry contains, for the first time, certain seasonable details, such as that he enjoyed "some good ribbs of beef roasted, and mince-pies," the latter having been made under the personal supervision of Mrs. Pepys, who sat up till four o'clock on the previous morning for that purpose. He also had "plenty of good wine," and, what was better still, "a heart full of true joy." A good sermon from Mr. Miller in the morning, and a walk to the Temple, hoping to find a playhouse open, in the afternoon, the evening employed in cataloguing his books, makes up the tale of this day.

Particularly noticeable in these Christmas entries is the absence of any mention of those festivities with which we are accustomed to associate the festival. It would seem that the sombre influence of the Puritans was still permitted to hold sway even at a time when the gaiety of the Court, and to some extent of the people, had become a bye-word. As we see, Pepys' farthest flight in the way of amusement was the reading of dry works and the arrangement of his own books. Once, indeed, he did try for a play, but found none going. This, together with other internal evidence in the Diary, proves, I venture to think, that the so-called gay days of the Merry Monarch may have been such for the inner Court circle, but hardly for those even who, like Pepys, were on its outer fringe, and certainly not at all for a heavily taxed and much tried populace.

The business of Rebman, Ltd., medical publishers, of Shaftesbury Avenue, has been acquired by the firm of William Heinemann, and will be for the future carried on at the latter's premises, 20 and 21, Bedford Street, Strand, where all communications should be addressed.

On Christmas Eve, "Within the Law" will celebrate its 250th performance at the Haymarket Theatre. All the members of the original cast, including Miss Edyth Goodall and Miss Mabel Russell, will appear.

An Inspired Election

BY HALDANE MACFALL

ON the death of Sir Alfred East, the shaken state of the Royal Society of British Artists seemed about as like chaos as could well be. Its dead president had made considerable efforts to bring this society into coherence and to give it a definite position; but death struck him down before he had been long enough in the chair to do more than show that there was vitality in the once-famous institution. There followed rumours of internecine strife; and as the inner history of any society is as fine a shuttlecock for the gossips as the fair fame of a pretty woman in a garden city, one wondered what would emerge from the cackle. To the astonishment of a gaping public, the Society proves itself the sanest and most competent art body in the kingdom by electing to its presidency the greatest living British artist!

Let us think for a minute what precisely this means. There is no lack of candidates amongst eminent painters for the presidency of one of the Royal Societies—the office, very properly, carries with it an almost certain knighthood. Here we have one of the oldest societies, long in difficulties—difficulties which were by no means smoothed out by Whistler's meteoric short reign—therefore a society which was bound to make even ambitious claimants hesitate; yet there were few hesitations. But the members have come together, and, putting aside all petty intention, such as all of us poor humans are not wholly above, they deliberately put the honour and distinction of their house above all other considerations, and decided to ask the man to rule over their destiny who is the supreme artist amongst us. The day they did this handsome thing alone their dignity was increased. For let us pay this tribute to the members of the R.B.A. At a time when the Royal Academy is so blind to its own dignity that Brangwyn is not even elected a full R.A., on the very evening when the Old Water Colour Society passes by the finest water-colour painter in our midst to elect as its president a far lesser man, the members of the R.B.A., in council assembled, vote with one voice that the man who is in the eyes of Europe our supreme living artist shall be their leader! If the members of the R.B.A. fulfil the inspiration that led them to this triumph on the first day of December, 1913, and with the same loyalty and enthusiasm support the man they have chosen to honour, their reward will be a rich one. They have already laid the ghosts that flitted in lonely fashion through their displays. And the centre of interest in the art world threatens even now to pass to Suffolk Street.

The presidency of Brangwyn will draw the art of the most eminent living painters to the galleries. Brangwyn, a great master, whether in oils or water-colours or etching, will add such lustre to the Society that he will not be unsupported. The members will have the fillip of his mastery to bring them enthusiasm

and ambition in their own endeavour. And if he fail them, it will not be their president's fault. Brangwyn is a great poet, a prodigious worker. In him the Society will find no hunter of medals, nor a man concerned with the rewards of his art, but an artist whose sole concern is with art. His life's work has been devoted to uttering in masterpieces of colour the splendour and the glory of his race. The little squabbles of coteries and schools he has passed by with disdain. He is untainted by the Isms. He is party to none of the parties.

Brangwyn took up the vast gamut of colour-orchestration that Turner revealed to our people; and he has employed the instrument for the utterance of a large art that has been the chief glory of our generation. He has never faltered. The sea power that is our chief source of pride he has hymned as it has never been chanted by other painters. Any man who thinks of the arts that have uttered the shipping, and the wharves, and the labour of such as go down to the sea in ships, thinks of these pictorially as having been voiced by Brangwyn. The industries that have built up the wealth of England, the workers stripped to the waist at the mighty furnaces, the navvies on the railways, the porters who load and unload our vessels, the miners and the toilers of the earth—who of us associates with their energies any artist's name but that of Brangwyn? He it was who gave us the pageant of the mighty toil which cut the railway across Canada. And if our critics are prone to praise with parochial praise the art of little men and to find the microscopic to be all wonderful, at least the leading artists of Europe make no such mistake. For them, and for any man who understands art in its large sense, the position of Brangwyn in our national achievement is supreme.

The Royal Society of British Artists has to-day this enviable distinction that it can boast a painter as president beside whom the Royal Academy or any other Royal Society can set no peer. To those of us who have the welfare of our national art at heart, his election is one of the most significant and inspiring acts of any art society in the memory of our generation. It only remains for the Society of British Artists to complete their triumph by following their leader. It was when a member of their body that Brangwyn first came to recognition and revealed to us that a master had arisen amongst us. And it is fitting that this nursery of so many masters should to-day honour him by electing him as their head, and thereby honour itself. At a time when the art of painting is only too *blasé*, and the writers upon it as *blasé* as the art they approve, it is well that a giant should step down amongst them and stand upright as protest to their littleness and their insignificance—a man whom art breathes the grandeur of his race, its dignity, its toil, and its magnificence, with a mastery of craftsmanship that makes theirs like skill upon the one-stringed lute, played in the drawing-rooms of elegance.

REVIEWS

The Considered Opinions of a Philosophic Politician

By SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

Notes on Politics in History. By VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

IN a recent number of THE ACADEMY there was an amusing article on Sir William Robertson Nicoll's "A Bookman's Letters," headed "The Reviewer Reviewed," with a dissertation on Sir William's eight ways of reviewing a book. I wonder how a reviewer would review a book like this? I usually read a book through carefully, and make different kinds of marks against the paragraphs which attract my attention; but this book is so stimulating and so full of meat for reflection that on looking it through for the second time I found that to do justice to it my article would be longer than the book itself, which I was amazed to find, when I had finished it, consists of only a little more than one hundred pages. It is, in fact, merely an address—amplified and recast, it is true—delivered by the author as Chancellor of the University of Manchester in the summer of 1912.

Lord Morley makes a humorous allusion in his prefatory note to the strict rule that limits the contents of a Bill in Parliament to its title, and says quite truly that this would be fatal to an academic address like this. In the recent debates of last session we tried to object to Bills on the score that parts of them were outside the title, but the Speaker ruled that it was impossible to get a comprehensive title to any Bill, and that if the title fairly described the general scope it was sufficient. This book comes under that ruling. On looking through it for the second time I find that I have underscored half the lines in the book. A world of wisdom is conveyed in a sentence, and one feels inclined to lay down the volume and make a note to write to the author and give one's views and ask him questions. I do not remember having had the same feeling since as a lad I devoured Ruskin. No other author has affected me quite in the same way. If it affects me, a man who has passed the meridian, you can understand the effect it would have on the students of Manchester University.

I wonder if I can give an impression of what I mean. Here is a note I underlined:—

More than all this alteration in machinery are signs of change in national atmosphere. These we have good reason to hope may be only superficial and transient, for nothing is more certain than that in a survey of the modern world, national character is slowest of all things to alter in its roots.

Lord Morley is so amiable and good-natured that next time I meet him on the District Line it will take me all my time not to bore him by asking about that sentence alone; and how am I to get an answer

between Westminster Bridge and Earl's Court? Whether he thinks the halfpenny Press has not had the effect of making us more hysterical and apt to think in bad taste; as he says later on, "Let us pray to be delivered from exaggeration." Here again is wisdom packed in six lines:—

"He that leaveth nothing to chance," said the shrewd Halifax, "will do few things ill;" but he will do very few things. As King Solomon puts it, "He that consulteth the wind shall not sow, and he that looketh to the clouds shall not reap." Moderation is sometimes only a fine name for indecision.

Lord Morley is now in the autumn of his days, and after a life spent as a militant politician he can review men and events calmly. "Ardent spirits have common faults in an expectant age. We know them all: they are apt to begin where they should end." He deals with the Constitution as it was and is, and takes in his stride liberty, religion, and forms of government. He is continually putting questions to the young men:—

Is the principle of religious liberty violated when the police forbid a Catholic procession through the streets of Westminster? Or when a congregation of French monks or nuns is sent packing? Or when an English court of law, as happened only a few years ago, pronounces null and void a bequest to a society holding opinions contrary to Christianity?

It is interesting to find that he thinks Sir George Lewis was the most widely learned man who ever held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Bagehot said: "His accumulation of exact knowledge was so great that there was no sort of definite information, whether relating to public business or to books, which he did not know how to acquire and where to find." Think of the temptation of meeting our unfortunate author on a second occasion and asking him the reasons why he put Lewis before Gladstone! That is what I mean; one pauses at each sentence even if it be merely *obiter dicta*. Another question: Is democracy a system in which the many govern, or, as Aristotle supposed, a system in which the poor govern? He goes on to speak of sociocracy:—

The difference in power and the source of power between parent and progeny almost surpass resemblance. Take the House of Commons itself: Even writers of the first rank speak of its doings and temper and prerogative during the War with the American Colonies or the long war against Napoleon as if the House of Commons during either of those two momentous episodes was the same as the House of Commons that rules over us to-day; that is to say, was chosen by the popular voice and national acclamation, instead of being, as it was, the nominee of a handful of the privileged order.

He shows that even the consecrated name of Public Opinion has many values, and quotes a constitutional writer, who puts it "that the opinion of Parliament is the opinion of yesterday, and the opinion of Judges is that of the day before yesterday." He goes on to show how "representative government exists to-day in a hundred different forms." Some of these things thus baldly torn from their context seem platitudes,

but they are put in such an arresting way that they sound like new truths. Here is a striking thought on books:—

And in passing from one glorious dome of printed books in the British Museum to the sepulchral monuments in another department we may sometimes think that in vitality there is not much to choose between books that once shook the world and the mummies of Egyptian kings.

He tells us of the American judge who said that the three great instruments in human history were the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Declaration of American Independence!

He turns early to history, and gives a fascinating choice of periods, such as the French Revolution from the Fall of the Bastille to Waterloo; English Revolution from Hampden to Naseby; Naseby to William and Mary; and brings us down to date by mentioning the Democratic Ordering in England from the Reform Act of 1832 to the Parliament Act in 1911; in Ireland from the Enfranchisement of the Roman Catholics in 1793 to (and here he shows caution) some date still uncertain.

This is not half-way through the book, and I am conscious of breaking several of Sir William Robertson Nicoll's rules for reviewers; but my object will be achieved if I induce political students to buy and read the book; and, as for myself, I must avoid Lord Morley on the District, or he will certainly think me a bore.

Ports of Call

A Woman's Winter in Africa. By CHARLOTTE CAMERON. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

It was Ruskin, I think, who condemned book-reviewing as an evil trade that should be done *gratis* if at all, though why at all if evil the philosopher does not explain. There are times, at any rate, when it is a pleasant trade, and one such occasion is when, as in the present case, a book reaches the reviewer in abnormally receptive mood. I confess to keen pleasure when I opened the parcel containing Mrs. Cameron's experiences of a winter in Africa, because I was in the last stages of preparation for spending my winter of content in the same continent. There succeeded a sensation of disappointment. Not that the book falls short of the promise held out on the cover, but by reason of Mrs. Cameron having merely made a coasting tour of a continent of which the most vivid interest is pre-eminently confined to the hinterland.

It is the dark heart of Africa, with its pigmy tribes, its okapis, its sleeping sickness and its strange, mysterious survivals of the infancy of the human race, which has always exercised at once those who travel and those who stay at home. A day's trek inland in untrodden parts holds more of interest, of romance and of risk than most of the twenty-five thousand miles which the author covered in her German steamers. True, Mrs. Cameron travelled for a thousand miles over the Rhode-

sian railways, but more than one of her own sex has told us all we want to know, in word and picture, of the roar of the Victoria Falls and the silence of that grave in the Matoppos. There are other coastlines more interesting than that of Africa, the littoral of which is mainly characterised by uninspiring scenery and unsalubrious conditions, a little of either going a long way and being exhausted long before we reach the limits of four hundred pages. Nor is the reader's regret that Mrs. Cameron should have provided such mild fare lessened by the ingenuity of her descriptions and the enthusiasm of her style. She is, in fact, too good a traveller to have wasted half a year of literary activity over material which might have been turned out by any unknown writer of guide books. If she will only spend a second winter in the far interior, turning her shrewd observation and searching camera on scenes and peoples far from either ocean, she will not lack readers.

Within the limitations suggested in the foregoing ungallant grumble, Mrs. Cameron has succeeded, better than she deserved, in writing a thoroughly enjoyable book. All of us who have done much sea travel recall with gratitude the welcome interludes of these days ashore, which make an agreeable break in the monotony of life on board ship for both those who are what is known as "good travellers" and those others, usually in the majority, who, as Homer says of Ulysses, suffer many griefs in their minds while on the sea. Mrs. Cameron's voyage included more than thirty of these shore visits in less than six months, that is to say more than one a week, and she spared no pains to see everything, even one or two side shows which, as the Travel Imp warns those who come after, were not worth the travelling to.

Perhaps the most valuable outcome of this coasting trip is the comparison which it superficially affords of the colonising methods of every European race interested in the partition of Africa; and, though clearly a patriot at heart, the author does not allow any racial prejudice to blind her to much that she found admirable in the systems favoured by our neighbours. Indeed, she has perhaps returned the courtesies shown to her in overgenerous measure; and some who are a little more familiar with the working of French and German methods in African colonies will agree that she has been either unobservant or over-polite. It is possible, however, that her study of the ruling caste at Windhuk, another of her inland treks by train, and Lome, was somewhat hampered by ignorance of the German language. This limitation would put the tourist at the mercy of optimistic officials able to converse in English. None the less, Mrs. Cameron's warm praise of everything German is a pleasant change from the more usual attitude of travellers of other blood towards that nation. The photographs must number between one and two hundred. Many of them are too small to be attractive, but others are excellent. We could, however, have spared the picture of a stuffed lion and zebra in conflict. Once again, Mrs. Cameron, leave the sea next time and take us inland with you. F. G. A.

Mountain Peaks and Hill-tops

The Crescent Moon. Child-Poems by RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

The Gardener. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

Flint and Feather. Collected Verse by E. PAULINE JOHNSON. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.)

Oxford Poetry (1910-1913). (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

Broad-Sheet Ballads. A Collection of Irish Popular Songs, with an Introduction by PADRAIC COLUM. (Maunsell and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Broadsides, Chapbooks, and Garlands. (At the Sign of Flying Fame, 45, Roland Gardens, S.W.)

THERE is nothing more wonderful than the quiet that lies on the top of a high mountain. It holds the real fascination of mountaineering to the climber who has a soul above records. Further and further to leave behind all earth-born sounds, to feel them gradually slipping away like an impeding cloak from the shoulders, to be glad when even the last swish of a fir-tree passes out of hearing, and then to rise into the silence, which if it speaks, speaks only in the wind, is achievement that not only invigorates the body but opens the pores of the senses and allows the soul to bask. But you cannot know the calm joy of high and lonely mountains without hard climbing, for if you are impatient and go by train, you take with you what you really desire to leave behind. And as with mountains, so with life and art. You may know when you are near the peaks of either by the increasing sense of quiet. The higher you go the more profound the silence. The power to pierce the dome of sound and raise the mind into the sublime and silent spaces of infinity is the power of all great art and the crown of every great experience in life. Unfortunately we are so accustomed to the strength which is merely the lust of destructiveness that we are apt to confuse noise with power and silence with weakness.

If a poet had not sung his praises in our ears, how many of us would have heard of Rabindranath Tagore? As it is, how easily we may miss him if we are hasty or unaccustomed to his rarefied atmosphere! He does not shout nor cry aloud, but like our own Blake, he quietly shows how the infinite may be seen in the infinitesimal. He speaks in the whispers of a lover, and his words are like a plumb-line dropped into the sea of truth. He uncovers his own heart, and we discover that he knows the secrets of love and life. "Come and hire me!" cries the man at the end of this book of child-poems, and the King comes, sword in hand, saying, "I will hire you with my power." But his power is powerless, as is the gold offered by an old man, and the smile of the fair maid. Then:

A child sat playing with shells.
He raised his head and seemed to know me, and said,
"I hire you with nothing."

And those five words discover to us the least known secret of love. They form a mountain hard to climb, upon whose summit is the quiet that is profound and full of beauty.

There is the tenderness of strength and the insight of intuition in all these poems about a child. Sometimes they are a little vague and we are left wondering what has been lost in the process of prose translation; those who heard Mr. Tagore recite his own poems and sing his own songs will hazard that it is a good deal, but even so his skill with our language is remarkable.

"The Gardener" (the title of the first of eighty-four short poems) is chiefly composed of love lyrics. Occasionally the repetitive phrases, which are perhaps beautiful refrains in the original Bengali, grow a little wearisome, but all the colours and shadows of happy and unhappy love are here reflected as in a limpid pool. Out of the many crying for quotation we select the following, merely as illustrating the author's clear-sighted humanism:—

At midnight the would-be ascetic announced :
"This is the time to give up my home and seek for God. Ah, who has held me so long in delusion here?"

God whispered, "I," but the ears of the man were stopped.

With a baby asleep at her breast lay his wife, peacefully sleeping on one side of the bed.

The man said, "Who are ye that ye have fooled me so long?"

The voice said again, "They are God," but he heard it not.

The baby cried out in its dream, nestling close to its mother.

God commanded, "Stop, fool, leave not thy home," but still he heard not.

And God sighed and complained, "Why does my servant wander to seek me, forsaking me?"

From East to West. Miss Pauline Johnson was the daughter of a Mohawk Indian chief. To her volume of complete poems, which was reviewed in THE ACADEMY a year ago, Mr. Watts-Dunton has now added an enthusiastic preface telling how he first met the Canadian poet. He considers that her ability to portray the characteristics of her country will win her enduring fame. Miss Johnson was an accomplished elocutionist, and many of her verses were obviously written for recitation, but here and there she struck a deeper note. We have no taste for the jingling "In the Shadows" which pleases Mr. Watts-Dunton so much, but "Nocturne" and one or two others give more than a hint at a beautiful and passionate nature.

It is a wise Alma Mater that knows its own poets. Professor Gilbert Murray in an interesting preface denies himself the pleasure of "spotting winners" among the four and twenty gentlemen to whom he stands as sponsor, and confines his attention to a rather pessimistic survey of modern poetic tendencies. May we remind him that the general run of poetry is always to the dogs? Here Mr. A. J. Dawe and Mr.

Sherard Vines make short excursions in the crudely disgusting, but they are more than atoned for by the upholders of Christianity. Though this anthology does not include a great poem, it reveals a good deal of promise, and altogether was well worth making. Mr. Douglas Cole, Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, and Mr. Rowland Childe know something about inspiration, and we shall look forward to their maturer work, for they are at least free from that most common and vitiating of all vices—æsthetic pride which dallies with art, dressing and undressing conceits for mere self-gratification. Mr. Cole's style is rather too diffuse to lend itself to quotation, but this is the end of "Youth's Second-Sight":

O hearts that sleep, O spirits drugged with care
The night is nearly done.
O God, set love and pity in our souls,
That when the morning rolls
The weight of pain from every sleeper's eyes,
Our hearts again may rise,
And, putting off the weeds of old despair,
Wake and approve
The might of love,
Nor faint nor weary till the day is won.

The humorous verses at the end of the book are of a quality it seems only Oxford can produce, and they include the Rev. R. A. Knox's well-known "Absolute and Abitofhell." By the way, since women are not admitted to this volume, we suggest to the publisher that he should persuade the ladies of Somerville and Lady Margaret that they put *their* heads together.

Patriotic Ireland is represented by Mr. Padraic Colum's Broad-Sheet Ballads. Mr. Colum has done well to collect the authenticated versions of these popular songs, for their like are no longer made now that the daily newspaper has destroyed the ballad singer. "The Wearin' o' the Green," "The Peeler and the Goat," "The Rising of the Moon," "No Surrender," and "The Boyne Water"—they are all here, with many others: green and orange peacefully at rest together.

Finally, "At the Sign of Flying Fame," "Broad-sides," "Chapbooks" and "Garlands" have taken a new lease of life. Mr. Ralph Hodgson and Mr. Lovat Fraser are the moving spirits in this "twopence plain, fourpence coloured," enterprise; but among other contributors are Mr. de la Mare and Mr. James Stephens. We have not space to criticise these poems, but we recommend them to our readers and content ourselves with praising Mr. Fraser's decorations and quoting one of Mr. Hodgson's broadsides:

With love among the haycocks
We played at hide and seek;
He shut his eyes and counted—
We hid among the hay—
Then he a haycock mounted,
And spied us where we lay;
And O! the merry laughter
Across the hayfield after!

An Accomplished Essayist

Clio: A Muse. And other Essays Literary and Pedestrian. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. (Longmans, Green and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

WE are more than a little indebted to the author of these essays for a couple of hours of very pleasant reading. A portion of the matter has already appeared in the pages of various periodicals, but the essays entitled "Clio, a Muse," "Walking," "John Woolman the Quaker," and "Poor Muggleton and the Classics," appear for the first time.

"Clio" is a serious contribution to the study of history. It does much to remove from the mind of the reader the fallacious habit of supposing that history is a "science," a fallacy which has done a great deal to retard the salutary influence of history upon existing modes of thought, to the detriment of the latter. "Therefore, in the most important part of its business, history is not a scientific deduction, but an imaginative guess at the most likely generalisations." Again, in connection with the study of the literature of a period the author rightly insists, in contradiction of the "scientific" view of history, "that those who write or read the history of a period should be soaked in its literature, and those who read or expound literature should be soaked in history." Although the reaction against the literary historians, and notably Macaulay and Carlyle, has given way to a saner view of the functions of history, the author is hopeful that even more rational ideas upon the matter may in the end "spread down from the universities to the school and the country." For our own part we trust that the larger and broader views upon these and kindred subjects which have taken such firm root during the present generation amongst the masses may at length succeed in effecting an entrance into those strongholds of conservative prejudices, the universities.

In the essay on "Walking," the delights of which pastime are intimately known and enjoyed by the author, we are pleased to find a protest against the churlishness of the man who for the sake of half a dozen brace of grouse will prohibit the enjoyment of his moors by anyone save himself and his friends. In reading of George Meredith and noting the author's insistence upon the poetic element in his works, we could not but call to mind the acute discomfort felt by that other poet Francis Thompson in the presence of one whose genius was of so different an order. In "Poetry and Rebellion" there is a sentence which we are completely at a loss to understand. It runs: "We suspect that, even if we knew him, Shakespeare, unlike his poetry, would prove too perfect, too wise, and too bourgeois in the best sense to have the picturesque charm of the Inspired Charity Boy, the Ineffectual Angel, or the Pilgrim of Eternity." One might imagine from such words that the Sonnets had never been composed. These essays possess the supreme merit that, no matter what their subject may be, they are never dull.

A Quaint Book

The Heart of the Social Problem. By RICHARD HIGGS. With an Introduction of F. H. STEAD, M.A. (The Dover Printing and Publishing Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE apostles of Socialism have caught some strange fish, small and great, in their nets, but there have been few captures of farmers. An example of the rare specimen appears in Mr. Richard Higgs, of Coxhill Farm, Shepherdswell. Mr. Higgs is an optimistic Socialist who looks for the gradual advent of Utopian conditions and the disappearance of money.

"A shrewd business man," he tells us, "once observed to the writer, 'They will never get Socialism while money remains.' That is perfectly true, and all attempts to solve the social problem will be futile while production for profit exists. Can profit-seeking industry be abolished without a social cataclysm? I believe it can. By beginning with the land, and uniting the manufacturing, distributive, and productive agencies under the control of the State, the need for profits will disappear, and food, clothing, and shelter be available for all in exchange only for their labour. Agriculture carried on by the State, and coupled with workshops and factories, will solve the social problem by taking the destitute and poverty-stricken members of society into its employment, and will enable them to produce the wealth they need. It will do this without taxing the rich, and with but a minimum of hostility from any section of the community, and will only step in as private enterprise fails."

The solution of the social problem is, we see, easy and pleasant. Yet there are some rigorous conditions of its proper application. For instance, we must remember that—

"The environment of town and country have produced rival and antagonistic views of life of a regular and standardised nature."

And we must to a right degree eschew the townsman's counsels. Mr. Higgs explains:—

"By the urban view of life I mean just what I say—the standpoint of the town-minded person who regards existence from the office, the warehouse, or the study; in other words, the ideas of those who look at life out of a window in more senses than one."

The intellectual equipment of professors we may dismiss with an almost ribald disdain.

"With all due respect"—and there is irony in the phrase—"to the political economists and university professors of to-day, I must say that personally I would back the political economy of my flock of sheep against that of all the professors in England as the true one."

Why are Mr. Higgs' sheep intellectually superior to our political economists and professors? The former perceive that "an ample supply of food constitutes the basis of successful life, and they are fully prepared at any hour of the day or night to use the necessary

force to break down their hurdles and back up their opinion by going in search of it." From a first reading of this passage we might surmise that the sheep would break down their hurdles in order to go in search of their opinion, and in no circumstances could we reasonably expect a professor or a political economist to act similarly. But at a second glance we see that Mr. Higgs' sheep would disregard the bounds set upon their movements in order to find food, and we must admit that we cannot dogmatise upon the question whether professors and political economists, if enclosed within hurdles, would or would not break them down under stress of hunger. Probably they would surmount the obstacle rather than overthrow it.

Mr. Higgs entertains a strong contempt for old-age pensions as at present allowed. He asks:—

"Can you imagine a farmer nearly starving his young pigs to death in order to give them the luxurious wealth of five shillings a week feed when they are old?"

We pass the question on to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and follow Mr. Higgs to the consideration of small holdings. And here we learn that we may well be dogmatic and even vehement:—

"Small holdings in any form or under any conditions are like feeding a cow on its own milk; they mean slavery and starvation. Small holdings always do, and always must, produce a dirty, ignorant, superstitious, and immoral race of people, who feed the town-dwellers on filthy and disease-laden food. Strong words," adds Mr. Higgs, not without justification, "but easily proved."

Before parting company with our Shepherdsweil sage we must take one dizzy glance at the basis of his economics.

"The price of rain per inch varies but little from year to year, and the cost of sunshine per unit is fairly stable even in this country, in spite of the fickleness of its climate. The wool crop is fairly regular each season, and all the food crops duly arrive in average quantities and to their scheduled time." These considerations lead finally to the conclusion that "the evils and drawbacks of rural existence are each and all capable of being remedied by the co-operative management of agricultural land."

Other authorities have, perhaps, shown greater erudition and profundity than Mr. Higgs in dealing with the subjects of which he writes, but, to borrow a phrase from "Twelfth Night," he "does it more natural." We heartily commend his work to all who are in search of a book that is entirely unhackneyed in style and method.

Modern Society has an entirely new idea in Christmas numbers. It contains all the usual features of the paper, as well as six of the greatest short stories of the world, chosen by Frank Harris, who tells why he chose them. They include a couple of American stories, two Russian masterpieces, a little cynical French story, and one English story—an extraordinary pennyworth.

The Victims of a Revolution

One Generation of a Norfolk House: A Contribution to Elizabethan History. By AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D. Third Edition, Revised. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

DR. JESSOPP has no need of an introduction. The fact that "Third Edition, Revised," is inscribed on the title-page of the present work is in itself a guarantee of this, and also a proof that even learning and research can sometimes awaken an echo in the general breast. But, excellent as this piece of family history is, the work with which we, and we imagine the larger section of his readers also, associate the name of Dr. Jessopp, is "The Coming of the Friars," one of the finest contributions, we venture to think, that has ever been made to "occasional" history.

The "Norfolk House" in question is that of the Walpoles, whose consistent and militant Catholicism during the worst period in English history for holders of that doctrine nearly led to their ruin and social extinction. "We should never have heard of the great Sir Robert as the son of a wealthy Norfolk squire, but for one circumstance: Edward Walpole's interest in these lands and manors was a reversionary interest, and there were two tenants for life in actual possession." Yet at the beginning of the religious troubles the Walpoles were among the wealthiest and most powerful families in the east of England. "The possessions of the three squires"—the fathers of the cousins who engage our attention in this book—"stretched over a tract covering little short of fifty square miles." Even in 1588, when two of the cousins had exiled themselves for their faith, "the fortunes of the house seemed in the ascendant, and it needed only a little exercise of ordinary prudence" to bring the most dazzling ambitions within its reach.

The existence of the Walpoles as a representative English family was imperilled, we have said, by their Catholicism. In this they were perfectly representative of their class and especially of their county. Dr. Jessopp passes in review the country houses that might have been seen by the famous Jesuit missionary, Father Gerard, as he approached Norwich in 1588. It is a long list. Dr. Jessopp gives us some particulars of the inmates, and he adds, "Every one of these county squires was a conscientious Catholic, and every one of them was suffering for the sake of his religion at the time that Gerard passed by on his way to Norwich." The Universities, where the Walpoles first learnt to take their side in the great question, and where their leaders were formed, were almost equally anti-Protestant. "Anglican theology had as yet no existence. Hooker had not written a line." Common-room was Catholic. "The fact that the plebian was given over to Calvin and Puritanism was reason enough to make the 'gentleman' lean to the Romish cause." Among the fellows at Oxford were Parsons and Campion.

The reign of Mary was hailed with hope, and that of Elizabeth did not at first suggest despair. The

turning-point was the bull of excommunication which "we are too ready to regard as nothing but a stupendous blunder." Dr. Jessopp shows reason to believe that the contemporary opinion that it was a "very bold and skilful move" was justified. Then came the penal laws and the subjection of the Catholic gentry to perpetual fines and examinations and to the attentions of a peculiarly noxious tribe of spies, headed by the notorious Topcliffe. Dr. Jessopp is the first to notice a quaint method of defence employed by some of the recusants; it was to reduce the churches to a ruinous condition, so that there could be no service and consequently no recusancy. "Accordingly, a systematic destruction of the churches in Norfolk commenced and went on to an extent that may well amaze us."

For the youthful members of the Catholic squirearchy every outlet for ambition was shut. "Of course they became fanatics . . . of course the sense of wrong and injustice mastered their reason and judgment; the rites of a religion which was proscribed seemed to them to be the only things that were worth living for." Of the Walpoles of the generation under discussion, Henry went the furthest, and he is the real hero of Dr. Jessopp's book. Martyrdom was in his veins, and, when he came under the influence of Parsons, his fate was sealed. He first felt his vocation as a witness of Campion's execution. He wandered about the Continent qualifying for his destiny, when Parsons decided that the new college of Valladolid wanted the blood of martyrs to fertilise it. Henry Walpole was not a man of expedients as some of his colleagues: he was soon caught, and in the condition of governmental and public opinion, following on the Armada, his doom was sure. The record of his imprisonment is terrible to read, not least so when we find him, after a heroic and fearfully prolonged struggle, yielding for a moment, if but for a moment. Even then Dr. Jessopp points out that he betrayed nothing that was not already more or less common knowledge.

Though the story of Henry Walpole is the central episode of the book, we think that it is less for that that it will continue to be read than for its vivid picture of one side of English social life in the sixteenth century. The details are wonderful, and the authorities for them are put within our reach. Of broad, general considerations there is no lack; there are some pages on the infancy of patriotism and the paradox of loyalty in this perplexing century that go to the root of modern political science. And Dr. Jessopp has shown a wonderful power of sympathy in his presentation of men persecuted for opinions with which he does not sympathise.

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co.'s illustrated list of spring books, with a remarkable art cover, will be issued this week. The list contains new novels by Rafael Sabatini, "Rita," Maud Stepney Rawson, Archibald Marshall, Ward Muir, L. T. Meade, the Baroness Albert d'Anethan, and many other popular writers. This firm's list of "library books," also, is exceptionally strong.

Shorter Reviews

More About Shakespeare "Forgeries": A Reply to Certain Articles in the "Athenæum," signed "Audi alteram partem," controverting the arguments and conclusions set forth in "Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries." By ERNEST LAW. With facsimiles of documents. (G. Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the last word—at least, it strikes us as pretty final—in an interesting controversy. In "Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries," Mr. Law has given good reason to believe that certain documents relating to the performance of certain Shakespearean dramas, and supposed to have been forged by Peter Cunningham, are perfectly authentic. A correspondent of the *Athenæum* has attacked Mr. Law's conclusions. The volume before us contains Mr. Law's replies, reprinted from the *Athenæum*, with a chapter of supplementary remarks. Mr. Law points out that one of the results of the acceptance of the documents will be the eventual "reconstruction of the circumstances and conditions under which these four great plays" ("Othello," etc.) "were presented at Whitehall before King James and his Court." The character of the arguments refuted by Mr. Law may be gauged from a single instance. The ink of the alleged forgeries having been proved to be not modern at all, Mr. Law's antagonist lays it down that "the constituents of the ink used in the *Record Office* were the same from before the seventeenth century down to the date at which he (Cunningham) used it." Mr. Law, to whom the italics belong, has, as may be imagined, *beau jeu* with this argument at least.

La République Romaine. Conflits Politiques et Sociaux. By G. BLOCH (E. Flammarion, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

SPEAKING very roughly, M. Bloch's "République Romaine" is an up-to-date version of the "Cité Antique" of Fustel de Coulanges. M. Bloch, it is true, approaches the subject from a slightly different point of view; he is chiefly concerned with the pathology of the ancient State, its diseases or revolutions, while his illustrious predecessor was far more interested in the original essence of the thing, the constitution that was destroyed by the diseases. But, curiously enough, the result is almost the same in both cases. Read Fustel de Coulanges, and you get a great many chapters on a polity that, like ideal Feudalism, possibly never existed; following on this, you get a number of chapters on the decline and fall of this State. Turn to M. Bloch and you will find excellent accounts of the Gracchi and Sulla and Cæsar, prefaced by an ex-

haustive analysis of the régime and society they helped to destroy. It is true that Fustel de Coulanges covers a wider field; he deals with the Mediterranean City-State, and makes important excursions as far as India; M. Bloch confines himself fairly rigorously to Rome, though he makes necessary allusions to Greece. Some details are a little different; M. Bloch has a somewhat new view of the origin of the Tribunate; he suggests consciously or unconsciously a great number of "modern instances." Here he seems to be at odds with his predecessor, whose deepest conviction was the fundamental dissimilarity of classical and modern conditions. The most important general proposition of M. Bloch is that Roman Imperialism was the principal cause of the revolutions, and that the rapidity of the conquests made these revolutions violent and sanguinary.

Lucy Bettesworth. By GEORGE BOURNE. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

"A RING of primitive simplicity such as hardly hopes to survive into modern times," to quote the author's own words, characterises this collection of Wiltshire stories. Old Lucy Bettesworth, the sketch of whose life gives the book its title, is thoroughly typical of most of the characters described. Free education was not, in her youth; she worked in the fields as a child, and, later, beside her husband. Knowing nothing of modern softness and the fripperies of State Insurance and the like, she missed none of these doubtful blessings, but lived her life and wrought her work in a state of self-reliant independence which made a grand specimen of the old-time English peasantry—a disappearing class. In the same way her fellow men and women lived simply, hardly, but in a sense nobly. The author pictures a people whose chief law is the survival of the fittest, and whose first great rule of life is self-help.

Not but what they were mindful of each other, however, for if a man or woman were in distress the neighbours would "have a swim for'n," which in plain Anglo-Saxon implies that they would take up a collection among themselves for the relief of the afflicted one. But they neither sought nor expected outside help; they had no trade union, they railed not against the Government, nor clamoured for State provisions against their needs—and they were a strong folk. Modern Socialist tendencies have practically destroyed this fine peasant race, and the country is the poorer for their loss; it is good to find a writer who, with almost the sight and power of description of a Hardy, depicts these people as they were. Save for some few old men in isolated villages, the picture is all that is left.

Mr. Bourne advances no theories, adduces no conclusions, but writes simply and forcibly of Lucy Bettesworth and her kind as he knew them. The moral is clear to all who care to read—and in reading such a book as this they will be well repaid.

Fiction

Lachlan's Widow. By MRS. DISNEY LEITH. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

THIS is a very simple, rather goody-goody story of Aberdeenshire country folk, somewhat full of dialect which can have little interest to any but Scottish people. Lachlan's widow married him on his deathbed, took charge of her three step-children, and returned home to manage her father's household. Then came a woman, whom the widow's father eventually married, to upset the peace of the home, and eventually Mollie Lachlan married again—the lover of her girlhood. Before this happened, however, she assisted in smoothing out her brother's love affair, and refused the young Scots "meenister" who very cautiously allowed himself to become in love with her. We take leave of her at a point when all promises well for her future, and since the story gives us some insight to her character, we wish her all success and trust that her second husband will have less trouble with the dialect she speaks than we had.

The book is not innocent of weak grammar; it is avowedly a sequel to the authoress' "Black Martinmas," though in justice it must be said that there is no harking back to the interests of the previous story. Still, it shares the usual fate of sequels in that its author seems unable to work up a creative interest; we are able to feel the identities only of Mollie, the widow, and of Midge, the little girl of whom we would fain have seen more. The rest of the characters are shadowy folk, and the book is likely to be popular only among such readers as like a homely tale which makes slight demands on their imaginative and intellectual capabilities.

Bertha Garlan. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Translated by J. H. Wisdom and M. Murray. (Max Goschen. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE seduction of a complaisant widow by a man she had known in her girlhood, and the death of her friend who "had a lover in Vienna" after what in England would be termed an illegal operation, are the main themes of this story. Bertha Garlan, some years after her husband's death, wakened to the fact that she was still young, and the rest of the story follows.

No doubt Herr Schnitzler is a wonderful apostle of Realism (with a very large R), and his story is very powerfully told—these things we grant perforce. But we fail to see the use of reproducing in English stories which portray men as calculating beasts, and women as sensual things of uncontrollable desire. One closes the book with regret that a writer of such genius as Herr Schnitzler could not bring his powers of creation and portraiture to bear on a less fleshly and more human theme. Herein is not a mere human weakness, but gross and unrelieved sensuality, of which our English writers provide us with quite enough.

Because. By MAUD YARDLEY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THE cold-blooded villain who loves another man's wife so much that he is willing to ruin her life to win her, if he ever existed in fact, is nearly a thing of the past in fiction, but he is utilised in this book to make a fairly good melodramatic story. The elements of the plot are simple. Pembroke, on returning with Greta his wife from his honeymoon, finds an urgent letter awaiting him from an old flame, and answers it in person. Immediately after his visit, the lady takes poison, and Pembroke, finding himself vaguely suspected of murder, confesses all to his young wife, who refuses to forgive him. By this time we have met "and which," together with our old friend the split infinitive. Pembroke leaves England—and his wife—to go on an exploring expedition, and then Kavanagh, the cold-blooded villain and Pembroke's friend, gets in his work with the aid of a letter that Pembroke's old flame wrote, just before her death, acknowledging her intention to commit suicide. The price Kavanagh asks for this letter is the rest of Greta's life, although she has told him that she loathes him. And Greta agrees to pay the price.

At this point we lose patience, to a certain extent, for the acts of these persons are too impossible. The rest of the story is well told, but as a whole it is based on too slight premises for its conclusions to carry conviction. It is average melodrama, with the required happy ending.

Sparks that Brood. By NOEL FLEMING. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

UNLIKE far too many tales of exalted personages, this book pictures a little host of perfectly natural and human people of high degree—with the single exception of Francis Wyndham, who, as the villain of the piece, is a rather unconvincing figure. Jimmy, the hero, is introduced to us at his birth, and the first part of the book, describing how Nancy Maclean, Jimmy's mother, trained him up to manhood, is very good work indeed. From the day that Jimmy attained his majority, his heart passed into the keeping of Peggy, the youngest daughter of an impecunious earl, and a wayward, capricious child of many fancies and little common sense. Francis Wyndham, entering at this point with the set purpose of separating the lovers and winning Peggy for himself, strikes a note of incongruity in a fresh and delicate romance.

The rest is a love story, well told, and with a thoroughly appropriate ending—the whole book reminds us a little of Helen Mathers at her best, for it is sentiment (not sentimentality) without vapidness. If the author had not split some infinitives, and had remembered to write "different from" in place of "different to," his work would have been still more enjoyable, but we can forgive slight defects of style in such an excellent novel.

Mrs. Meynell's Poetry*

WE remember once seeing a piece of ironwork wrought so delicately and exquisitely that it seemed as though fragility could go no further. Yet when it came to be handled it was almost as tough and strong as a sheet of steel. Its pattern, that seemed made of the fineness of flowers and twigs, was so subtly interwoven, so seemingly endless in its ramification, that in the result, in the mutually supporting scheme of the whole, it was harder to bend or twist than if there had been no spaces in the complete sheet. This, with the close temper of the material, made the appearance of fragility no more than a mockery to the eye. And that is just the impression left on the mind by the slight volume of Mrs. Meynell's collected poems. Rather more than a hundred pages, well printed out, does not seem much for a lifetime's output; and the poems seem themselves as slight by nature as their volume is slight in bulk. Yet there is something in the texture of them, something closely woven in the thought implicit in them, that makes them stubborn to read, and leaves an impression of well-set strength. There is always something that defies the mind, from which the mind recoils as from an unexpected power. There is the semblance of something flowerlike and frail, which, on the easy assault of the mind, proves like steel; with the result that unexpected respect is won from an unexpected discomfiture.

It is not only that Mrs. Meynell is never obvious. It is partly that: the simple proves complex because the thought prior to the making of the poem had already gone adventuring out of the obvious. For example, take the following poem on "Maternity":

One wept whose only child was dead,
New-born, ten years ago.
"Weep not; he is in bliss," they said.
She answered, "Even so.

"Ten years ago was born in pain
A child, not now forlorn.
But oh, ten years ago, in vain,
A mother, a mother was born."

Clearly that rare thing, the unexpected in art, is there; but if the poem be carefully examined it will be found that the unexpected is present, not only in the whole idea, but in each detail of it. The curious hanging deliberation of the music is packed, as it were, with the significance of the whole. It is not so much song as thought; and yet it is not so much thought as the incandescence of thought; and so it rises to a music of its own. There is always music in life and thought if we go deep enough, and do not trust to the logic-chopping efforts of the brain.

We have chosen this particular poem because it seems to us so finely typical of the whole volume. If we take the earlier poem, "A Letter from a Girl to her Old

* *Poems.* By ALICE MEYNELL. (Burns and Oates. 5s. net.)

Age," we find that the same procedure is there, though not so tensely wrought, not so austere and therefore not so implicit:

Oh, in some hour of thine my thoughts shall guide thee.
Suddenly, though time, darkness, silence, hide thee,
This wind from thy lost country flits beside thee.

And we, so altered in our shifting phases,
Track one another 'mid the many mazes
By the eternal child-breath of the daisies.

The distinction between the two poems is the distinction between the early and the later outbreak of song in Mrs. Meynell's too sparse poetical days. One who laid his tribute of song at her feet celebrated her once in a poem "To a Poet Breaking Silence"; and that silence was not often broken. There were two main periods, and the restraint and austerity that marked the first had become, even by reason of the long spell of silence, as deep-grained, as inevitable in the latter. If at first only part of the poem became written, at last but a few lines had to bear the burthen of a poem that stretches far beyond them. It is as if the song continues always, and only occasionally makes notes in record of itself to demonstrate its further presence. It is just this sense of a further presence that makes these poem-notes able to carry the hints of current journalism without losing any austerity and dignity. They are like the illustrations with which a recluse would punctuate his argument, lifting examples of the homeliest sort to his own level without for a moment making them seem familiar. Take, for instance, the closing stanza from the poem to "Saint Catherine of Siena," "written for Strephon, who said that a woman must lean or she should not have his chivalry":

And will the man of modern years
—Stern from the Vote—withhold from thee,
Thou prop, thou cross, erect, in tears,
Catherine, the service of his knee?

A word in conversation, a phrase from the daily paper, a sentence from some book that she happens to be reading, or any chance occurrence from the habitual life of the world, may happen to touch that further continuance of silent song, awaking it, and bringing it forth to make some brief record of protest or assent. To say that Messrs. Burns and Oates have produced the book is to say that it has been produced well; yet if larger margins had been given to this collection it would, we suggest, have hinted the larger silence from which the song came floating in a speedy accomplishment of its allotted task.

That is why these poems, slight though they appear, do not make easy reading. The volume seems as one of those that we may pick up at an odd moment for the enjoyment of a few pages; but its atmosphere is so much a part of itself, and needs so patient and attentive a mind, that the book will be found to demand a calmer will than is customary in a day of transitory and fretful interests. And that, let us say, in the kind of swift reaction her mind itself would take, is not the least value of a most rare book.

In the Learned World

THE library of cuneiform tablets unearthed by the expedition of the University of Pennsylvania at Nippur, and now in the University Museum at Philadelphia, continues to produce fresh surprises. Besides the new Creation legend, on which Mr. L. W. King will have read a paper to the Society of Biblical Archaeology before this is in print, it is said that Professor Clay has discovered among them a list of kings, thirteen in number, forming by themselves a new Babylonian dynasty hitherto unknown. Until more is discovered about this, any discussion must, of course, be tentative. But if it should turn out that the new dynasty is anywhere near the first of the series, it might go a long way towards restoring the chronology adopted by Assyriologists of the older school. It should be noticed that this really hinges upon the direct statement of Nabonidus, the last king of Babylonia, who was overthrown by Cyrus, that the foundation-stone of Naram-Sin, "which no king before" Nabonidus "had seen for 3,200 years," was discovered in the course of his reign. As Naram-Sin is admitted by everyone to have been the son and successor of the famous conqueror, Sargon of Akkad, this would make the date of this last 3800 B.C. Lately, however, German scholars have sought to reduce this date by 1,000 years, and our own Assyriologists have for the most part yielded to their arguments. If Professor Clay's discovery should show that they were wrong to do so, it will be one example the more of the unwisdom of mistrusting historical inscriptions. The kings of antiquity generally knew the history of their own countries much better than we can do, and tradition is often a safer guide than destructive criticism.

Sir Gaston Maspero, in a review of Baron von Bissing's small but very able book on Ancient Egyptian Civilisation, reads us the same lesson. While the Egyptologists who adhere to the opinions expressed at Berlin have lately tried to reduce the beginning of Egyptian history by nearly 1,000 years, and would thus compress the reigns of a hundred or more kings, whose names and styles are known, into the space of two centuries, the Baron would expand this period by at least 900 years, so as to make the beginning of the eleventh Egyptian dynasty occur about 2900 B.C. The Berlin school found their new chronology upon calculations drawn from astronomical phenomena, of which there seems to be mention in a few inscriptions about a millennium after the last-mentioned date. No one, however, who knows how inefficiently such observations are made by Orientals, and how impossible it is to attach the same weight to them that we do to European scientific records, will place implicit faith in them, even if there were not some direct evidence that they were deliberately altered to suit priestly theories at the time.

Dr. Naville's recent lecture to the Egypt Exploration Fund, rather scantily reported in the daily Press, gave us two new and important points which deserve comment. One was that Osiris, for whose "bed" or early

shrine the veteran excavator is now searching under the stately temple of Seti I at Abydos, was once called Apuat, or the Opener of the Ways. This appears open to question, because Apuat is generally represented at Abydos with the head of a jackal or dog, like Anubis, with whom he was at one time confounded, whereas Osiris has never yet been represented except in human form. The other point is that Dr. Naville put forward, though with some reserve, the first real explanation of the name of Osiris which has been made since the days of Plutarch. The names of all the Egyptian gods—and probably of the deities of all other nations, did we know them—mean something, and Amen is interpreted as "the hidden one," Ra as the material sun, and so on. No modern scholar, however, has as yet attempted any plausible explanation of the name Osiris, and the best guess really seemed to be that which would equate the name with that of Asari, a Babylonian appellation of Marduk or Merodach. Dr. Naville now suggests that it may be read, "he who takes his seat," which would be in fair accordance with the ideograms or hieroglyphs with which it is written, *i.e.*, a stool and an eye. He thinks this refers to the fact that the tribe of which Osiris was the deity first ceased from their wanderings and took up their habitation at Abydos. His opinion on such a point probably carries with it more weight than that of any other Egyptologist except M. Maspero. But it may be noted that, while the emblems of all the other Egyptian gods can be shown with fair certainty to have been the *totems* or rallying signs of different tribes or clans, that of Osiris never appears in early times in that capacity. Moreover, while the other gods were for the most part worshipped chiefly in their respective nomes or provinces, Osiris seems, from the time of the Pyramids onwards, to have been common to all Egypt.

An article in the current number of the *Revue Archéologique* by Professor Oscar Waldhauer draws attention to the treasures of Hellenic art now in the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg, where they are somewhat out of the track of the travelling archaeologist. He promises, among other things, a popular catalogue of the masterpieces of statuary, including the Venus of Tauris bought by Peter the Great, and later on a full "scientific" catalogue in two languages, with illustrations. The painted vases of the fifth century B.C. in this collection are especially fine, and their publication should teach us much. Our own Society for Hellenic Studies has also been doing good work; it records the accession of thirty-one new members during the past year, which brings the roll of ordinary members up to nearly one thousand. The imposition of an entrance-fee also seems to have been successful, and will doubtless prevent "capricious" withdrawals. The subscription is only a guinea a year, and the Society does much to support the British School at Athens, which shows what can be done with even small funds when wisely administered. The library in its new quarters in Bloomsbury Square is now growing apace, and the whole management reflects the greatest credit upon the officials.

F. L.

Western Art in Japan

THE Japanese work of Western art is sometimes beautiful; but I can say positively that I have had no experience of being carried away by it as by a good old Japanese art. There is always something of effort and even pretence, which are decidedly a modern production; I will say that it is at the best a borrowed art, not a thing inseparable from us; I ask myself why those artists of the Western school must be loyal to a pedantry of foreign origin as if they had the responsibility for its existence. It would be a blessing if we could free ourselves in some measure, through the virtue of Western art, from the world of stagnation in feeling and thought; I have often declared that it was a saviour of Oriental art, as the force of difference in element is important for the rejuvenation. But what use to get another pedantry from the West in the place of the old one? I have thought more than once that our importation of foreign art is a flat failure. It may be that we must wait some one hundred years at least before we can make it perfectly Japanised, just as we spent many years before thoroughly digesting the Chinese art; but we have not a few pessimists who can prove that it is not altogether the same case. Although I have said that the foreign pedantry greatly troubles the Japanese work of Western art, I do not mean that it will create the same effect as upon the Western artists; I am told the following story:

A year or two ago, a certain Italian, who had doubtless a habit of buying pictures (with little or real taste, in art, as is usually the case with a picture-buyer), went to see the art exhibition of the Taiheiyo Gakwai Club, held at Ueno Park, and bought many pictures on the spot, as he thought they were clever work of the Japanese school. Alas! the artists meant them to be oil-paintings of the Western type. The Italian's stupidity is inexcusable; but did they indeed appear to him so different from his work at home? The saddest part is that they are so alien to our Japanese feeling in general; consequently, they have little sympathy with the masses. It is far away yet for their work to become an art of general possession; it can be said it is not good art when it cannot at once enter into the heart. It is not right at all to condemn only the Western art in Japan, as any other thing of foreign origin is equally in the stage of mere trial; I often wonder about the real meaning of the modern civilisation of Japan. Imitation is imitation, not the real thing at all.

There are many drawbacks, as I look upon the material side, to the Western art becoming popular; for instance, our Japanese house, frail, wooden, with the light which rushes in from all sides, never gives it an appropriate place to look its best. And the heaviness of its general atmosphere does not harmonise with the simplicity that pervades the Japanese household; it always appears out of place, like a chair before the *tokonoma*, a holy dais. Besides, the artists cannot afford to sell their pictures cheap, not

because they are good work, but because there are only a few orders for them. I believe we must undertake the responsibility of making a good artist; there is no wonder that there is only poor work, since our understanding of Western art is little, and we hardly try to cultivate the Western taste. If we have no great art of the Western school as in fact, one-half the whole blame is on our shoulders. Here my mind dwells in more or less voluntary manner upon the contrast with the Japanese art, while I walk through the gallery of Western art of the Taiheiyo Gakwai Club of this year's opening, at present in Uyeno Park. There are exhibited more than two hundred, or perhaps three hundred, pieces—quite an advance in numbers over any exhibition held before; but I am not ready to say how they stand on their merit. I admit, at the outset, that the artists of the Western school have learned well how to make an arrangement no artist of the pure Japanese school ever dreamed to attain, and I will say that it is sometimes even subtle.

But I have heard so much of their artistic purpose which could be best expressed through the Western art; are they not, on the other hand, too hasty and too direct to describe them? Some of their work most nakedly confesses their artistic inferiority to their own thought; what a poor and even vulgar handling of oil! I have no hesitation to say that there is something mistaken in their perception of realism. (Quite many artists in this exhibition mistake in this respect.) Indeed, there is no word like realism (perhaps better to say naturalism), which, in Japan's present literature, has done such real harm; it was the Russian or French literature that taught us the meaning of vulgarity, and again the artists—some artists, at least—received a lesson from those writers. It is never happy to see the pictures overstrained; go to the true Japanese art to learn refinement. While I admit the art of some artist which has the detail of beauty, I must tell him that reality, even when true, is not the whole thing; he should learn the art of escaping from it.

That is, in my opinion, the greatest of all; without it, art will never bring us the eternal and the mysterious. If you should see some work of Nakagawa or Ishii exhibited here, you would see my point, because they are somehow wrong for becoming good work, while they impress with line and colour. I spoke before of effort and pretence; such an example you will find right here in Hiroshi Yoshida's canvases, big or small, most of them being the nature study. (By the way, this Yoshida is the artist who exhibited two great canvases called "Unknown," or "World of Cloud," painted, doubtless, from Fuji Mountain, overlooking the clouds at one's feet, and Keiryu, or "The Valley," at the Government exhibition, with some success some years ago.) I am ready to admit that the artist verily well has brought out his purpose before us; but the true reality is not only the outside expression. His pictures are executed carefully; but what a forced art! This is the age when all the Japanese artists, those of the Japanese school not

excepted, are greatly cursed by objectivity. Someone has said that the Japanese dress, speaking of Japanese woman as a picture, does serve to make the distance greater; I thought in my reflection that so it is with the Japanese art. And, again, how near is the Western art—at least, the Japanese work of the Western school! Such a nearness to our feeling and mind, I think, is hardly the best quality of any art. I have ceased for some time to expect anything great or astonishing from Wada, or Okada, or even Kuroda; we most eagerly look forward to the sudden appearance of some genius at once to frighten and hypnotise and charm us and make the Western art more intimate with our minds.

I amused myself thinking that it was Wilde who said that Nature imitates art; is not the nature of Japan imitating the poor work of the Western method? Art is, indeed, the most serious thing. It is the time now when we must jealously guard our spiritual insularity, and carefully sift the good and the bad, and protect ourselves from the Western influence which has affected us too much in spite of ourselves. Speaking of the Western art in Japan, I think I have spoken quite unconsciously of the general pain, not only in art, but in many other things, from which we wish we could escape.

After all, I have said from my uncompromising thought, my mind, which is conscious to some extent of a responsibility for Japan's present condition in general, has suddenly toned down thinking of the short history of Western art in Japan, that is only less than fifty years; what could we do in such a short time? It may even be said that we did a miracle in art as in any other thing; I can count, in fact, many valuable lessons (suggestions, too) from the Western art that we transplanted here originally from mere curiosity. Whether good or bad, it is firmly rooted in Japan's soil; we have only to wait for the advent of a master's hand for the real creation of great beauty. It seems to me that at least the ground has been prepared.

Charles Wirgman, the special correspondent sent to the Far East from the *London News*, might be called the father of Western art in Japan; he stayed at Yokohama till he died, in 1891, in his fifty-seventh year. He was the first foreign teacher from whom any Japanese learned the Western method of art; Yoshiichi Takahashi was one of his students. Before Takahashi, Togai Kawakami was known for his foreign art in early 1880; but it is not clear where he learned it. Yoshimatsu Goseda was also, beside Takahashi, a well-known student of the said Wirgman, and Shinkuro Kunizawa was the first artist who went to London in 1875 for art study, but he died soon after his return home in 1877 before he became a prominent figure in the art world.

When the movement engaged Antonio Fontanesi, an Italian artist of the idealistic school, in 1876, as an instructor, the Western school of art had begun to establish itself even officially; this Italian artist is

still to-day respected as a master. He was much regretted when he left Japan in 1878; Forretti and San Giovanni, who were engaged after Fontanesi, did not make as great an impression as their predecessor. However, the time was unfortunate for art in general, as the country was thrown into disturbance by the civil war called the Saigo Rebellion; the popularity which the Western art seemed to have attained had a great setback when the pictures were excluded from the National Exhibition in 1890. But in the reaction the artists of the Western school gained more vigour and determination; Shotaro Koyama, Chu Asai, Kiyowo Kawamura, and others were the well-known names of those days. Kiyoteru Kuroda and Keiichiro Kume, the beloved students of Raphael Collin, returned home when the China-Japan War was over; they brought back quite a different art from that with which we had been acquainted hitherto. And they led vigorously the artistic battle; the present popularity, at least in appearance, is owing to their persistence and industry. The Government again began to show a great interest in the Western art; she sent Chu Asai and Yeisaku Wada to Paris to study the foreign art. Not only these, many others sailed abroad privately or officially to no small advantage; you will find many Japanese students of art nowadays wherever you go in Europe or America.

We were colour-blind artistically before the importation of Western art, except those who had interest in the so-called colour-print; but the colour-print was less valued among the intellectual class, as even to-day. Our artistic eye, which was only able to see everything flat, at once opened through the foreign art to the mystery of perspective, and, though they may not be the real essence of art, they were at least a new thing for us. There are many other lessons we received from it; it seems to me that the best and greatest value is its own existence as a protest against the Japanese art. If the Japanese art of the old school has made any advance, as it has done, it should be thankful to the Western school; and at the same time the artists of foreign method must pay due respect to the former for its creation of the "Western Art Japanised." It may be far away yet, but such an art of combination of the East and West is bound to come.

YONE NOGUCHI.

During the children's season at the Court Theatre, which opens on December 29, the plays presented will be "The Fairy Doll," "The Strange Boy," and "The Enchanted Garden," by Miss Netta Syrett (on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, at 2.30), and "The Cockyolly Bird," by Mrs. Dearmer (on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, at 2.30). The cast consists almost entirely of children, and the plays are meant for children and for any bigger people who have not outgrown a childish taste for dolls and fairies. Seats may now be booked at the theatre at the usual prices, or subscription will be taken at £2 2s for six stalls (for both programmes) or £1 1s. for six dress circle or upper box seats.

Music

BEFORE the touch of Christmas fell upon the concert-halls, those much-enduring buildings resounded with a tunefulness which may have been some compensation to them for the kind of humming and strumming which they are not infrequently condemned to hear. We had a decidedly pleasant week of music, good, varied, and not too full. The visit to London of M. Ravel made it even memorable. But he would be the first to say "Place aux Dames," so we will not write of his visit until we have congratulated the ladies who have been showing us how to sing. They included one singer of the very first rank, Mme. Julia Culp; one who, had she not a few years ago abandoned her professional career, would surely have occupied a distinguished place in that rank, Miss Muriel Foster; one who has but recently left the group of the best amateurs and become one of the most earnest and sincere of professional artists, Miss Norah Dawnay; that admirable artist, Miss Rhoda von Glehn; and in addition to these ladies of established position there were a number of young singers, pupils of Mr. C. Karlyle, who gave a concert quite out of the common way, some of them, it is to be hoped, having a very successful future promised in their Book of Destiny.

Both Miss Dawnay and Miss Foster made up their programme chiefly of German songs. They have wide knowledge and very fine taste, and they know, it must be presumed, what style of music suits them best. But we venture to protest, ever so gently, against the habit, common to so many British artists, of treating the art of their own country in Cinderella fashion. In Vienna or Munich you would not find native singers giving a recital composed mainly of the songs of one other country. Germany is, of course, very rich in the finer kind of song. But if Miss Foster and Miss Dawnay would condescend to make search among British songs, or those of Italy, France, Russia, Scandinavia, they could make up programmes at least as attractive as their German ones. The other day Mr. Plunket Greene sang a recital of twenty-four British songs, and it was entirely delightful and refreshing. We commend this example to our leading ladies. Miss Dawnay, it is true, sang two old and four modern English songs and one Italian, and these were just as well sung as her Bach and her Brahms. She sings with great purity, and even dignity. There is never a suspicion that she is seeking to entrap her audience into admiring the singer rather than the song. The voice is not of great volume, but it is amply sufficient, sweet and clear, and her diction is unusually good. One gets the impression at once that Miss Dawnay has "scholarly" instincts, that it has been her pleasure to study her composer exhaustively, to annotate and compare him, to penetrate into his secrets as far as she can, and to prefer all this to the mere showing an audience the equipment of her voice. The fine quality, then, of this recital made us pass a very pleasant evening, and Miss Dawnay's

success with her public was as genuine as it was deserved.

Miss Foster's noble voice and impassioned style are as remarkable as ever. But they are not as completely under her control as they were in those days when she probably sang in public every day of the year. In spite of this, one is still moved to cry, "How magnificent she is!" It was possible to forgive her for singing so many songs by Richard Strauss, none of them really in the first class of *lieder*, because they served to show how much a singer of great gifts can do with second-rate material. Miss Foster could almost persuade you that "Geduld" and "Ich sehe wie in einem spiegel" are great songs, so grandly did she sing them, with such an unerring perception, with such a grip of their rhythm. Her Brahms is intensely felt, but, also, it is too insistent, as if she would compel attention rather than persuade it. Her one song in Italian was Hummel's "L'ombrosa notte vien," which was in every programme in our childhood, and given to every pupil by every singing master. It was quite worth reviving.

Mme. Culp's singing needs no praise. Perhaps she is the best of all the singers in her *genre*. Her splendid voice is absolutely obedient to her. But we regret the tendency, which we have noticed on other occasions, to over-act with voice and manner. Schubert's "Heinliches Lieben" and "Die Forelle," Eric Wolf's "Märchen," and Brahms' "Meerfahrt" suffered from this too emphatic style, and sometimes Mme. Culp's *tempo* is very slow, as in "Der Schmied." But, then, her audience seems to like best what we liked least! We wish that both Miss Foster and Mme. Culp would trust their audience more fully, and not be so anxious to insist on the meaning of every phrase.

Mr. Karlyle is fortunate in having pupils with such good voices to train, and they are certainly fortunate in having found a teacher who is not only so successful in moulding and developing the voice, but so wise in his choice of music for them to study. He depends chiefly on the older Italians. His young people sing Palestrina, Pasquini, Lesti, Leo, Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and they are exercised not only in solos, but in concerted music, motetts, hymns, rounds, and the like. Here we had a programme of altogether exceptional interest interpreted by young singers, some of whom are already fit to take good rank on the public platform.

We have left Miss von Glehn to the last because, at the Classical Concert Society she sang some of M. Ravel's songs to his accompaniment, and we may thus write of composer and singer together. She is an artist of delightful accomplishment, as clever as possible, and thorough in all her work. For an English singer to interpret M. Ravel's music as she does is really a *tour de force*. She adopts that greater naturalness of style, the absence of which we have sometimes to regret in Miss Foster and Mme. Culp, though their voices and their gifts are doubtless more splendid than hers. But charmingly as she sang the Clement Marot songs, and the delicious "Martin-Pêcheur," she would hardly be

able to attack such a piece as "La Pintade." With the exception of Mme. Bathori, we know no singer except Mlle. Luquiens who could hope to succeed with it. Mlle. Luquiens sang it, and some other songs, at the reception given by the "Concert Club" to M. Ravel, when her power of subtle description and her wit left one amazed. And what shall we say of M. Ravel, with his Quartett, his Allegro for Harp and Strings, and these wonderful songs, but that he is one of those god-sends for which we thank Heaven. His brilliance, his pathos, his humour, the exquisite new sounds which his genius for instrumental combinations allows us to hear; his gift of melody, his clarity, his delicate fantasy—his use of all these rare gifts unite to charm our sadness away. To hear his music is like reading a story by Anatole France. One smiles perpetually to oneself while enjoying these pleasures; not because every word is a word of wit, but because the whole thing is "just perfect." While it lasts, we desire nothing else, not even were it something better!

The Theatre

"The Fortune Hunter" at the Queen's Theatre

WE have all known a good many Americans, most of whom have been delightful people, but has anyone met the particular kind of person who flourishes like the green bay tree in such plays as this by Mr. Winchell Smith, the author of the popular "Brewster's Millions"?

No doubt "The Fortune Hunter" has already been an enormous success in the United States; possibly it may have a victorious career here. We hope so, for it is full of simple, cheery people, who always do just what is expected of them at the right moment. They may be the local characters in the cities and "old time" villages of America, but they appear to us to be commonplace descendants of the people created by the imagination of Charles Dickens and his followers—adapted for theatrical purposes.

We have seen Mr. Hale Hamilton in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" and in Drury Lane melodrama, and now as Nathaniel Duncan, and he always seems the same bright, rather stout, American gentleman who acts a good deal at the audience and expresses the simplest and even rather stupid phrases as though they were matters of great import and jewels of brilliant wit. He shares this quality with most of the other members of the long cast. Mr. William Boyd Davis is a neat commercial gentleman, Henry Kellogg, who has done very well in business and is anxious to help his friend Duncan, who has spent his fortune in a few gay years. After many attempts, the successful man advises the unsuccessful one to marry a fortune. According to Kellogg, there are many ladies in the

smaller towns of America who await the coming of a dashing city person to their out-of-the-way homes and are ready to bestow their hearts and riches upon such a one at short notice. Kellogg explains to Duncan that he must go to a place called Radville, and live a quiet church-going life for a while, and the rules that he must follow and just how to ensnare the bird-delight. It is all quite simple. Duncan comes to the village, goes to church, takes a post in a broken-down store, and soon the heiress, Josie, Miss Clara Mackin, the daughter of the rich local banker, Lockwood, Mr. George Traill, makes love to him. But, of course, Duncan is really a high-souled fellow. He remakes the fortunes of the old storekeeper, and he loves with the purest theatrical love that elderly person's only daughter, Betty Graham, Miss Myrtle Tannehill. But, according to the rules of Kellogg, he has become engaged to the rich and gushing young lady—and here is a pretty pass. But it is one that the author or any accustomed playwright can get out of when he has a comedy of four long acts in hand. Again a little while and the villagers of Radville believe Duncan to be some sort of absconding bank manager, and his complication with Josie is cleared away, and, having made a fortune by the sale of a wonderful invention for his lover's father, all is easy. Kellogg appears at Radville and explains matters, and the story is ended by the happiness of Betty and her Nathaniel. This is all very nice and charming, and, if the London public care for such childish fare, "The Fortune Hunter" will be an immense attraction. The unreal characters who take part in the play are all presented with carefulness and just as much sincerity as the author will allow. On the first night at least there was plenty of laughter and applause. Mr. Hamilton dashed through his romantic part with a will; Mr. Davis was straightforward and as convincing as might be. Miss Mackin was rustic and quick to love, Miss Tannehill at first rough and ragged and warm-hearted and later a most ladylike and sympathetic person. Those who like Mr. Hale-Hamilton's methods will delight in the play; for us others—well, the world is before us.

The Repertory Season at the St. James's Theatre

THE DEATH OF TINTAGILES.

THIS beautiful and overwhelmingly powerful picture of the coming of Death by Maurice Maeterlinck has been finely translated by Mr. Alfred Sutro and splendidly produced by Mr. Granville Barker. From the first moment when the tragic lady, Ygraine, Miss Lillah McCarthy, finds that her little brother, Tintagiles, Miss Odette Goimhault, has been sent to the dark castle in which she and her sister, the timorous Bellangère, Miss Vera Tschaikowsky, are prisoners, the agony of the four mystic scenes increases in strength and unnameable horror.

All is mystery, all is suspected doom; no touch of hope lightens the deep and bitter mystery of the fate that hangs over the two devoted sisters and their beautiful little brother. But the ladies Ygraine and Bellangère, with their old and faithful friend Aglovale, Mr. Nicholson, are strong in their fight against the power of the unseen Queen who has decided to call away the youthful Tintagiles. Their efforts are an exquisite poem, but futile as all human endeavour against the unknown. The various characters are played with perfect tragic skill, but the story, which is to show the blind horror of parting with those we love, is carried forward with relentless power.

At last we see the three mysterious and sinister servants of the Queen who come to take the young prince at night from the loving and jealous arms of the sisters who hold him closely even in sleep. These three darkly subtle servants are played with admirable effect by Mr. Hewetson, Mr. Holloway, and Mr. Jeayes, they carry conviction in every movement, word and glance. Soon they have stolen Tintagiles from his loving guardians, and soon only his faint voice is heard beyond the outer gate of death. Ygraine hears and follows and sustains her little brother for a moment with her efforts to open the gates beyond which he has now passed. All is vain and impotent endeavour, the doom has fallen, Tintagiles is in the clutches of the unseen eternal Queen.

The acting, the staging and the dressing of this superb poem are the simplest and most perfect examples of art that have been seen in the theatre in our time. The difficulties of Miss McCarthy's part of Ygraine are overcome without effort, but with the most harrowing effect. The profound despairing agony of her voice as she curses and prays at the doors of death haunts us long after, but one thinks less of her than of the play as a whole. It is an overpowering experience in stage illusion, helped by everyone connected with it, and not least by the music, written by Mr. Vaughan Williams, which contains the very essence and glamour of despair and the heavy meaning of death.

THE SILVER BOX.

To follow Maeterlinck's doom-fraught poem with the modern tragedy by Mr. Galsworthy may appear to be heaping the sorrows of the world upon our heads. But the "Silver Box" at least brings us back from the mysteries of the imagination to the satiric life of to-day.

The play is, of course, already well known, but it has never been so skilfully presented and so ably acted before.

Apart from any sociological value it may possess, as an acting play it must be considered the most successful of Mr. Galsworthy's many fine works. Mr. John Barthwick, M.P., and Mrs. Barthwick of Mr. Arthur Whitby and Miss Esmé Beringer, respectively, are remarkably fine impersonations of people that all of us know and can criticise in the most intimate detail. Mrs. Barthwick especially gives us a most elaborate and perfect picture of a modern woman of the world,

tender and devoted, a complete believer in her own class, who is ready and willing to destroy, in her gentle way, all other creatures who threaten her happiness or the happiness of those who are near to her. The careless, pleasure-loving son, Jack Barthwick, whose acts of folly cause so much tragedy, is shown us in lifelike form by Mr. Donald Calthrop, while the sad victim of the play, the harmless working woman, Mrs. Jones, is made once more a vital and deeply impressive figure by the simple, clear, and pathetic performance of Miss Irene Rooke. The many other characters of the play, which has already been recognised as the bitterest possible *exposé* of our frequent little social humbugs, are all presented with skill and an artistic cunning which hides itself with admirable effect.

We have heard that Mr. Barker intends to continue his repertory season at the Savoy Theatre, and we can merely beg all playgoers interested in the art of the stage to see each production in its turn, for, without doubt, the season should prove an epoch-making one in the history of the English stage.

"The Girl Who Didn't" at the Lyric Theatre

"THE Laughing Husband," the gay and accomplished music of which, by Mr. Edmund Eysler, won it so warm a welcome on the first night, does not appear to have greatly drawn the public. In any case, Mr. P. M. Faraday has shattered the comic opera to bits and remoulded it nearer to the heart's desire of those who love the lightest of light musical comedies.

Under its new "Girl" name and re-cast in regard to almost every character, the entertainment possesses the lively qualities which are sure to endear it to the audiences who enjoyed "The Girl in the Taxi." From the point of view of this class of playgoer—and he is as mighty as an army with banners—a thousand improvements have been made in the production. There is more gaiety; there are new songs, such as "The Tango Dream" and "Because I'm a Girl," written and composed by Miss Elsa Maxwell; and then there are the fresh and charming Miss Yvonne Arnaud and the bold and dashing Miss Grace La Rue, who used to tell us that we made her love us and she didn't want to do it, and who uses her fine eyes upon the entranced audience without the slightest reserve or sense of comedy. The delicious singing and acting of Mr. Courtice Pounds have, of course, been lain aside, and Mr. Workman makes the part of what was the laughing husband into an extremely comic, popular, inconsistent character, and sings "Wine of the Rhine" after a fashion that wrecks that joyous melody completely. Mr. Lionel Mackinder brings his old Gaiety manner to the support of "The Girl Who Didn't"; we believe he is immensely liked, and his dancing and his figure are lighter and younger than ever. Only his features and expression and his voice have—shall we say?—grown up. The crowd is more beautiful and better dressed

than before; the music is, of course, as good as it has always been, and as skilfully played, and Mr. James Blakeley once more makes the last act—in which so many people are agreeably reconciled, into one long, piquant, merry scene. We feel we have left out many of the charms of the new musical comedy, for that is what it now really is—those wonderful dresses by Lucille, those gay songs of Miss Arnaud, the dozens of clever dances and merry meetings, but all this and much more the play-going public will discover for themselves, for "The Girl Who Didn't" is something quite other than the girl who will not draw.

"Robina in Search of a Husband" at the Vaudeville Theatre

THE management of Mr. McKinnel and Mr. Whelen deserves uncommonly well of the public—this sounds almost as bitter as saying that a man means well—but in the case of the Vaudeville we feel sure that these two energetic gentlemen will make good if they can stay the course.

They have not discovered an epoch-making play in Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new work. By the way, is it a new work?—it possesses all the noisy faults and complications of a farce of fifteen years ago. The characters are not real people—their names, "Mrs. Mulberry," "Jollyboy," "Flannelly-Jones," remind us of boyhood; their acting recalls those wonderful old farces in which it was finally explained in the last act that many of the characters were mad. Several of the actors at least are fairly new to us; Miss Rowena Jerome plays her impossible part with some skill and sense of comedy; Mr. Harold Chapin acts like an amateur who is a quite gifted playwright as it happens, but Mr. Edmond Breon gives us a delightful character as a caricature of an American who has made his pile and come to England to look for his favourite cousin. The story is too involved to tell, but the whole play serves one excellent purpose: it forms the severest contrast to Mr. Shaw's "Great Catherine," and enables us to see virtues in that slight but lively little piece which we utterly missed on the first night. In fact, it is well worth sitting through the four acts of nonsense which Mr. Jerome calls with half justice "an absurd play," so that one may enjoy the entirely different mental attitude of Mr. Shaw. We say the author's description of "Robina in Search of a Husband" is a partial truth because in reality the piece of writing is absurd without being in any way a play.

On second sight we recognise that "Great Catherine" is acted with the most admirable skill by Miss Kingston, Mr. Norman McKinnel, and Mr. Breon; no one should miss this queer sketch of Russian eighteenth century life which Mr. Shaw has, it would seem, written to prove that there are some fools among Englishmen. It might be demonstrated that other nations have their share of this class, even the Irish, only the last fact is already too well known.

EGAN MEW.

Purism

IT is commonly believed that the progressive and conservative spirits are two opposing tendencies of the human mind which, like the opposite movements of the pendulum, are of equal value and importance to the whole machine, whose qualities and defects being contrary and, therefore, complementary to one another, their alternate ascendancy ensures the greatest well-being of the community. This view, popularised by Macaulay, is as fallacious as it is plausible. Conservatism is not opposed to progress; it is an integral part of it. Neither is it of the same importance, for progress is dependent upon conservation, but conservation is not dependent upon progress. I mean to say that I cannot progress in wealth, or knowledge, or virtue, without conserving what I have already gained; but I can conserve what I have gained without progressing. In short, the condition of movement upwards is the stability of what is underneath. When Archimedes proposed to raise the earth, it was not motive power but stability which he desiderated. When everything is moving around us no profitable motion on our part is possible. This is, indeed, the state of things we find in those spheres of action over which the spirit of reform has gained an irresponsible control, as, for example, in the sphere of national education. In this paradise of progress all out-of-date methods are scrapped at short intervals, and entirely new and improved methods installed. Everything in the system is up to date, everything is speeding ahead, except the children's minds, which are stationary.

"There is nothing so revolutionary," wrote Thomas Arnold, "because there is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things fixed, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress." This is very eloquent and very plausible, but what does it mean? Here is a man ascending a ladder with a hod of bricks, and here at the bottom is another man, straining to keep the thing fixed. Now, if the latter, in defiance of nature and the law of gravity, should continue his efforts, or if, on the other hand, he should be moved by the eloquence of Thomas Arnold and decide to relax this unnatural strain, which line of action would have the most convulsive and the most revolutionary consequences?

These considerations may be held to invalidate the stereotyped argument against Purism, that it is an attempt to resist the natural movement of language in development, and so is inimical to progress. It is true that language develops by extending old words to new ideas, but if in gaining new ideas it is losing old ones it is not progressing. Purism does not resist the forward but the backward movement of language; it is an attempt to recover ground once ours, which we have lost by wanton carelessness. Such losses occur not from the natural but from the unnatural development of language; that is, the extension of words to meanings which do not naturally belong to them; for, when a word is extended to a new meaning which is logically

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related to the old one, it continues to signify both with perfect efficiency. Like a servant who has been transferred from one to another of the same family, it still acknowledges its former master. When, however, a word is transferred to a meaning not logically related to the old, it must sever connection with the past. It is like one who has taken service with a stranger or an enemy of his former master; or, again, it is like a bad general who has occupied a position which cannot be held without deserting his base.

These generalisations we propose to illustrate by a few examples. The word *organic* signifies, in the language of modern science, "vital," "relating to the phenomena of life"; as when we distinguish organic from inorganic chemistry. *Organic* properly means "mechanical," and in Greek is actually used in contradistinction to *vital*. The correct terms for organic and inorganic are "empsychic" and "apsychic." The use of *organic* in its modern sense reflects a phase of recent scientific thought. The scientists of the Victorian age were struggling to explain the universe without admitting life, as a separate principle, into their calculations; and, in order to distinguish the phenomena of the living from those of the lifeless, without admitting the word *life* into their terminology, they adopted the word *organic*.

Perhaps the two most important terms in Greek philosophy are *dynamis*, "capacity" or "potentiality," and

energia, "realisation" or "actuality." In English, these two terms have almost exchanged meanings. By *energy* we mean "capacity of movement," as when we say "I have no energy." *Dynamic*, on the other hand, signifies "actual movement," as when we speak of hydrodynamics as opposed to hydrostatics. The proper antithesis to *hydrostatics* is, of course, *hydrokinetics*. *Homogeneous* means in Greek "of the same class or genus"; thus, contraries, such as sickness and health, darkness and light, are of the same class, being subjects of the same science. *Homogeneous* in English means "having like parts," as when we speak of "a homogeneous fluid." The correct word to signify this is *homoeomereous*. The modern use of the terms *synonym* and *synonymous* is utterly perverted. In Greek, *synonymous* means "having the same name," and to say of two names that "they have the same name," when we mean that they signify the same thing, is patently irrational. The correct word to signify "equivalent in meaning" is *homosemous*.

It is remarkable that the Latin word *equivocal*, which properly means the same as the Greek *synonymous*, has been no less perverted, though in a different direction. *Equivocal* is properly applied (as in Sir Thomas Browne and others) to two things which are signified by one word; it is now applied to one word which signifies two things.

In all these examples it will be seen that the second meaning of the word is not cognate with, but is often contrary to, its former meaning, and that in gaining the second it has been forced to leave hold of the first; so that, even if there has been a gain to the language, there has been an equivalent loss. Between the two meanings there is a clear gulf, and the word has not spanned but leaped it. Let us, then, refrain from saying that this is the natural growth of language, for, as Linnaeus says, "Natura non facit saltus."

JOHN RIVERS.

Notes and News

The structure of the New Testament Temple has been the subject of many studies. Several attempts to reconstruct it in miniature have been made; one of the most ambitious was that by the late Dr. Schick, now on view in Jerusalem. Visitors are charged a franc for inspecting it; it has not, however, given universal satisfaction, and the subject is still open for consideration. A new model, differing from all previous ones, has been made from the specifications of Mr. W. Shaw Caldecott, and is now on view at the Bookroom, 25-35, City Road, E.C. It is constructed to a scale of 16 feet to the inch, and shows the whole mass of buildings within a heavy enclosure wall. The speciality of this restoration is that it is founded upon the Biblical measure of two cubit lengths, one being applied to the site and another to its various edifices. The adaptation of these is explained and defended in a 6s. volume, now ready, entitled "Herod's Temple."

Particulars of the following open competitions will be announced month by month in the *Three Arts Journal* during the forthcoming year, starting in the January number:—A prize of £50 is offered by a member of the Three Arts Club for the best one-act play. £10 for the best song has also been offered by another member of the Club. A special prize of £10 10s. has been offered by Mr. R. P. Gossop for a double-royal poster, the subject and conditions to be announced in the January number. Seven guineas has been offered by Messrs. Dobson, Molle, and Co., printers, for a cover design, for a spring fashion catalogue. A prize of £6 6s. has been offered by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, publishers, the subject to be announced later. Five guineas has been offered by *The Magpie* Publishing Company, the subject to be announced later, also by the Anglo-Engraving Co.; and a prize of £5 5s. has been offered by Mr. Ambrose Heal, of Messrs. Heal and Son, for a fabric design.

The Council of the Library Association regret that the evidence submitted by their Education Committee to the Royal Commission on University Education in London appears to have been largely misunderstood. This evidence embodied an appeal for correlation of the library resources of London, and was in favour of centralising the University libraries; unfortunately, it has been cited as if it supported the decentralisation advocated by the Commissioners in their final report. No consideration appears to have been given to the scheme for a central collection of books, to be established at the University in its central building, and to form a depot for supplying important works required by students on loan to the public libraries where they happen to be readers. This scheme, with little expenditure, would immediately have tended to bring the libraries of the metropolis into closer touch, to give serious readers a more adequate supply of expensive kinds of books, and at the same time to avoid useless duplication. The Council of the Association wish to draw attention to the fact that the proposals of the Royal Commissioners for breaking up the University Library into a series of sectional units are opposed to the teaching of practical librarians and to the policy acted upon by modern authorities. No consideration can outweigh the immense advantage to a large body of readers of having the books located together in a central building. The Council fear that, should these proposals be carried out, they would tend to a much less effective library service, and to a great increase of expenditure, since costly duplication of books would be unavoidable. The Council urge that the Departmental Committee of the Board of Education on the University of London should give the problem of the University Library full consideration, and not accept the recommendations of the Royal Commission so far as they favour decentralisation or the proposed disintegration of the existing Central University Library.

Cardinal Bourne has written a preface to a book which is likely to attract a great deal of attention. The author is the Rev. Henry C. Day, S.J., and the title is "Catholic Democracy, Individualism and Socialism." Messrs. Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, hope to have the book ready for publication in the early spring.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

RUSSIAN PROTEST TO THE PORTE

ALTHOUGH, as we remarked last week, the year happily ends with the international horizon cloudless, there still remain some interesting problems awaiting the solution of diplomacy. In surveying these problems at their inception, far-seeing observers will be able to detect the germs of trouble which may in the distant future again create war panic from end to end of Europe. It is now fully made manifest that the campaign in the Balkans was merely local in effect, and exerted little, if any, influence upon the larger issue at stake, the political destiny of the Great Powers intimately concerned with the Eastern question. Thus, neither Russia nor Austria could claim what might be termed decisive results from the rigorous diplomacy to which they resorted during the period under discussion. The pan-Slavonic movement was dealt a death-blow. Austria, on her part, suffered the chagrin of witnessing the rise of Serbia to a place of power and consequence in the region of the Near East; and at the same time the restlessness exhibited by the star elements among the varied races which she governs brought home to her the realisation of the instability of her national structure. Germany, whose influence at the time was predominant in Constantinople, emerged from the general chaos somewhat wounded in pride. For, in spite of the pathetic appeals of her fallen protégé, the Turk, she proved herself helpless because of the political conditions then prevailing throughout Europe, and stood silently by while the Ottoman forces which she had trained were overwhelmed in disaster, and while the Ottoman Government, whom in time of peace she had befriended, was forced to submit to ignominious terms of peace.

Bearing in mind all these circumstances, we are not surprised to find that there has been no relaxation in the diplomatic conflict which for centuries past Europe has waged around the Porte. In this connection the latest development is the protest of Russia, supported by England and France, against the appointment of a German military mission vested with wide powers to reform the Turkish army. On first consideration it may be urged that, recalling the unhappy performance of German-trained Ottoman troops in the recent war, little importance need be attached to the measure just decided upon. But Russia doubtless realises, what is undeniably the truth, that the Turkish defeat was due to internal causes beyond the control of the German officers serving with the forces, whose powers were then very limited in extent. In spite of recent events, Russia has not abandoned her historic policy at Constantinople. Also, it may be taken for granted that Germany has resumed the rôle of protector, which she was compelled temporarily to abandon while her friend was in stress. The existing rivalry between the Powers alluded to has, if anything, been accentuated by the results of the Balkan War, for the venue to which it is directed has been narrowed, and not a few uncertain

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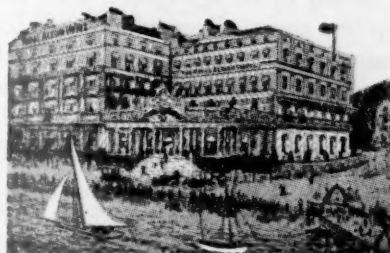
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and formidable elements removed. Having regard to all that has happened in the past, it is not unnatural that Russia should view with jealousy any attempt under German auspices at military consolidation in the immediate vicinity of the Dardanelles. We should be closing our eyes to the facts of geographical, historical, and political development were we not frankly to recognise that these Straits are one day destined to come under the control of Russia. Keeping ever in vision that day, Russian statesmen are bound at every stage to shape a steadfast policy.

That is only one side of the question. To appreciate its full bearing on the international situation of the future we must again glance in the direction of the Middle East. All students agree that the potential capacity of Turkey for military expansion has not been affected in the smallest degree by the outcome of the Balkan War. In that struggle the flower of the Turkish Army rooted on the Asiatic soil was never brought into play. Indeed, the circumstance that the Porte was caught unawares and had not time to ferry across the Bosphorus the fighting hordes of Asia was, in authoritative quarters, assigned as the real cause of the Ottoman débâcle. We are told that in some respects the struggle in the Near East left conditions which would enable the military power of Turkey to be materially strengthened. In the first place it eliminated certain alien elements whose presence had proved fatal to real cohesion; and, in the second place, the issue concentrated the rule of the Sultan largely within the territory where it had racial warrant. As far as this last supposed advantage is concerned, it may be remarked that Turkish neglect of the region, consequent upon pursuit of ambitions in Europe, had enabled the Powers to secure spheres of influence, notably Germany with the Baghdad Railway, and Russia with her calculated concern for the Armenian population. As we announced last week, all the parties interested are on the eve of coming to an agreement, such as will give Germany, up to a point, a free hand in the construction of the line eastwards. In relation to Armenia, Russia recently considered it advisable to invite Germany to join her in making representations to the Porte, and as a matter of fact she succeeded in gaining the sympathetic ear of the Wilhelmstrasse.

As far as the immediate outlook is involved, the situation in the Middle East bears a settled appearance. But we fear that cynical expediency is playing a great part in directing events, and that the solution of the more pressing problems of the moment will merely clear the way for a period of political and commercial activity on the part of the Powers such as can only end in creating new and still more formidable grounds for contention. Germany is to-day in virtual possession of Alexandretta, a splendid Mediterranean fort nominally Turkish, and she is credited with the intention of encouraging colonisation along the route of the Baghdad Railway. Russia has designs upon Armenia, France is managing and financing railways in Anatolia, while Great Britain may be said definitely

to have landed upon the western shores of the Persian Gulf. All these intrusions have for long been inevitable and foreseen. But of late the conflict of interests has become still more complicated. Both Austria and Italy now are struggling to gain a foothold on the Asiatic mainland. The outstanding feature of the whole situation, however, is the rivalry between Germany and Russia. A Turkish Army, trained and influenced by German officers, might not only be used to destroy Russian policy in relation to the Dardanelles, but might in certain circumstances be employed in the Middle East, where German interests are already strongly entrenched, and directed against Russian aims in Armenia if not against the territorial integrity of the Russian Empire itself. The Germans consider the Russian protest trivial. They point out that England, who supports the protest, has been entrusted with the training of the Turkish Navy and of the Greek Navy; and that the officers of France, who also lends her active sympathy to Russia, are to train a Greek army corps. But in view of the position which we have described at length, it must be confessed that these comparisons are specious and not at all convincing. By reason of her geographical proximity to Turkey, which renders the military preparations of her neighbours and the political factors arising therefrom of intimate concern, Russia has right on her side.

MOTORING

AS a result of the recent decision of the Executive Committee of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, the gentle motorist who is a member of that organisation, and who also delights in the use of the "cut-out"—in spite of the fact that the practice is illegal, unnecessary, and a nuisance to everybody else—will have to defend himself in case of prosecution for breach of the "cut-out" regulations. That is to say, he will no longer be able to avail himself of the services of the free legal defence department of the Association, which has hitherto been at his disposal in all cases of alleged infraction of the Motor-Car Acts, of whatsoever nature. Complaints are being constantly received from many quarters that the order prohibiting cut-outs is not being observed, and it is known that the Local Government Board is considering whether further and more drastic action may not be necessary if the annoyance continues. Doubtless this fact has had something to do with the announcement of the A.A. and M.U. committee, which has always shown itself alert in foreseeing the possibilities of restrictive and obnoxious motor legislation, and diplomatic in its efforts to avert the same. In any case, its action in this matter will meet with the approval of the great majority of motorists, to whom the use of the cut-out is almost as much of a nuisance as it is to the general public.

The *Light Car and Cycle Car* makes an interesting suggestion in its current issue. It has been proposed that a 2,000 miles' trial of light cars should be held next summer, but our contemporary contends that the distance is too great, in view of the present stage of development of the light car, and suggests that a 1,000 miles' demonstration run should be held, covering six days instead of a fortnight. The following is the proposed scheme of the tour:—Monday, acceleration tests and reliability non-stop run over hilly country; Tuesday, a Colonial day, for instance, over the South Downs and rough surfaces, necessitating a great deal of low-gear work—the idea of this would be to make the light cars more practicable for Colonial work; Wednesday, starting and re-starting tests, three in the morning and three in the afternoon; Thursday, speed test and flexibility test on top gear; Friday, ordinary non-stop run over hilly country; Saturday, inspection and test of the machines by the judges. The suggestion is a good one, and the result of such a thorough test as is indicated might serve to dissipate the idea that the light or cycle car, although attractive in theory and pretty to look at, is not to be relied upon for prolonged and arduous service.

A good deal of interest has been taken in motoring circles in the issue of the action brought by Mr. S. F. Edge against Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., the firm whose production the famous motorist did so much to popularise. The object of the action was to secure a legal definition of the terms of the agreement under which Messrs. Napier acquired all the share interest in S. F. Edge, Ltd., the vital point being the right of Mr. Edge to associate himself with certain business concerns of a competitive nature. A fortnight ago, the special jury before whom the case had been argued answered all the questions left to them by the Lord Chief Justice in favour of the Napier Company and Mr. Napier, and on Tuesday of last week His Lordship gave judgment on all points for the defendants. The case was one of considerable importance to both parties, and it will be interesting to know what association, if any, Mr. Edge will have in future with the motor industry.

Probably the most remarkable instance of unfluctuating and continuous prosperity in the motor industry is furnished by the annual balance sheets of Rolls-Royce, Limited. From the very first year of the inception of this company, the profits have steadily risen. In the year ended October 31, 1912, they amounted to a little over £71,000, whilst, according to a preliminary report sent to us by the Secretary of the Company, the result of the trading for the year ended October 31 last has resulted in a net profit, after making all the usual provisions for depreciation, etc., on a liberal scale, of £91,370. The directors are to be congratulated on the success of their policy of concentration on one model only, a policy they have consistently followed for many years.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE whole City is determined that the year shall end in cheerful fashion. The energy with which we all fight against misfortune is perhaps the best proof that we shall one day become prosperous again. We are compelled to mark up prices, for has not each man his own balance sheet to prepare, and does not each man wish to read his losses as low as possible? We live upon illusion, and the illusion that we are rich because the pieces of paper that we possess are supposedly valuable is common to all greedy people.

When the New Year opens we may find the illusions vanish. We may find everybody anxious to turn the paper into cash. But I don't take too gloomy a view of the future. Bankers on the Continent will do all they can to support markets, for they want to sell securities, and they cannot sell on a falling market. Here we are not in dire straits for money. Indeed, the position of Great Britain is better than that of any other nation. We have not over-speculated, we have not over-traded, and we have invested most of our spare cash with reasonable care. Therefore, however seriously France may view the future, I think we have nothing more to face than a slow decline of values in Brazilian, Japanese, Argentine and Canadian stocks and a fair rise in Home Railways, Electric shares and a few selected Brewery stocks. Rubbers must tumble to half their present quotations, but it is quite possible that Kaffirs will keep their values, and may indeed gradually improve if the magnates can cut down working expenses. But Shipping shares will slump as freights continue to fall, and Iron and Steel must also droop. Wise people will therefore change their securities. Those who hold gilt-edged stocks need not worry. Money in 1914 must eventually become cheaper, and this will cause all Trustee stocks to rise. Therefore a sale to-day would be extremely foolish.

I am aware that many people think that the vast number of new loans to be floated in Paris will keep money dear. But the issue of sound securities has not as urgent an effect upon the price of money as good trade. Money lent to traders is locked up. Money lent on stocks, especially gilt-edged stocks, creates a new credit. Bad trade acts both ways: it releases a great deal of spare cash and it brings down prices and thus further releases money. A banker lends £100,000 on copper at £100 a ton, but he has £40,000 free money when copper drops to £60. As with copper so with every other class of goods. So I think we must get a gradual decline in the value of money and an appreciation in the value of good securities.

In the FOREIGN MARKET they now declare that Caillaux has come to terms with the French bankers. The position is very disquieting, and a compromise was inevitable. But no compromise can get away from the fact that France in her eagerness to damage Germany has made some very bad investments. The French bankers have no doubt obtained concessions of value in Bulgaria, Servia, Greece and Turkey. They will run these countries in French money, whereas in the past they were financed by Germany. But none of them are solvent, and all must reorganise their public debts within a few years. Thus the French investor who buys the bonds that will be offered to him in the New Year is bound to make a very heavy loss,

and one that he will never get back. Rich as France is, careful as she is in money matters, her modern system of forcing the financier to move along the political road whether it be good business or bad will land her in a crash almost as bad as Panama. Politics are the curse of finance. No Government should interfere with what it knows nothing about. Because a man can talk it does not follow that he is a good man of business. Indeed, the exact opposite is more often the truth.

HOME RAILS.—I have nothing new to say. I have again and again declared that in my opinion our English Railways must be nationalised. I am not defending the operation. I am not a Socialist. But we must face the fact that Socialism is in the air and that all Socialist measures come to pass and come quickly. There will be mighty little opposition to railway nationalisation if Lloyd George once decides to take the thing up, and I believe that he has so decided. He will easily prove that he can make money out of the railways and relieve the taxpayers. I think that for a few years he will be able to do this. But when railways are superseded just as canals have been then the country will have 1,500 millions of debt round its neck. But the public does not look ahead. It will readily see cheaper fares and better train services and electrification. These are self evident results of nationalisation. The Labour Party see fat jobs. The Tories see handsome compensation for shareholders and directors. Indeed everyone will get something. And no one will look more than a few years ahead. So I think that a purchase of Home Railways is sound business.

YANKEES are harder. The Telephone deal shows that the big people in the United States are working amicably with Wilson and that he is not bitter against Trusts. Roosevelt was not honest. He raged and raged, but he was easily dealt with. Taft was of the same kidney. But they tell me that Wilson holds moderate views and is not venal; yet Wall Street must not be too sanguine. The crusade against trusts has very sound backing all over America. Wilson knows this, and though he may be pleased that Northern Union and the Telephone Company have dissolved he still means to fight a dozen other trusts. I see no reason why anyone should buy Yankee rails to-day, and I think that in the new year Canadians will go to 200, which is even then a very high price indeed.

RUBBER.—The depression in the Rubber market remains incurable. The plain truth is that prices to-day are just fifty per cent. too high. Vallambrosa board have sent out a circular which admits that in the past six months the company could not make more than £7,000, and no interim dividend can therefore be paid. As with Vallambrosa so with dozens of other concerns, the price of rubber has cut down the dividends by seventy and eighty per cent. There is no chance of any rise in the price of plantation—on the contrary, we are much more likely to see 1s. 6d. than 2s. 6d. But when the planters realise that fifty trees to an acre produce more rubber than 150, and at a lower cost, we shall get working costs below 1s. Kuala Lumpur and F. M. S. are cutting out fast, and Vallambrosa has also thinned out. But none of the planters have had the courage to cut out to fifty trees, and until they do, and until they give up coagulating with acetic acid, they will never put the rubber plantation industry on a sound basis.

OIL.—I cannot quite understand the Oil market. The "bulls" of North Caucasian have many of them been shaken out, but there are still far too many left. I think that in the New Year another attempt will be made to put up prices. But there is no solid substratum of fact on which to build a real oil boom. Shell, Royal Dutch and Standard have always done well. Spies have not dis-

graced themselves. Burma have a good record. But as for the rest, they are just gambling counters, and most of them have been made by promoters for the purpose of raising money, not out of oil outputs, but out of Stock Exchange gambling. There is nothing so speculative as oil. There is nothing so illusive. The Oil market has never really caught on except in spasms, and those who have gone in have invariably lost their money. Oil distributing is profitable—oil baling is in ninety cases out of a hundred the exact reverse.

MINES.—Everyone is asking whether the Kaffir magnates intend to keep up quotations after the end of the year. They are marking up prices now because they wish to show good balance sheets for the end of the year. Will they be brave enough to go on supporting the market in the new year and risk having to take some big blocks of shares? I doubt very much whether they possess the necessary funds. Most of them are not as rich as they were. Indeed, if we except Johnnies, which is carefully managed, the other finance companies have done extremely badly—Goldfields most of all.

MISCELLANEOUS.—They are trying to put up Allsopps—my advice to holders is get out quickly if the rise continues. Indeed, though I have long preached the doctrine that Breweries were undervalued, I am not inclined to go on preaching now that the rise has come. Always sell at the top if you can, and I think Breweries have had an excellent rise, and may be sold to-day. Again I repeat that all shipping shares should be sold, and I advise my readers to get the current issue of the *Economist* and peruse the article on freights. Coal, Iron and Steel shares are much too high and should be got rid of quickly. Motor shares are no longer attractive. I think holders of Cuban Ports common stock should take advantage of the rise to get out.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"IT IS I" AND "IT IS ME."—II.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—After I had read the previous portion of this letter over again, I thought that these remarks might not, after all, have sufficient weight with many, although I have, as can be seen, exhausted almost all the information that the Anglo-Saxon language could afford on the subject. I then turned my attention to the verb *Etre* (to be), in order to see whether I could not obtain from this source some additional information to strengthen my theory. I had in mind at the time Condillac's words: "Il ne faut que le seul verbe *être* pour prononcer tous nos jugements (Gram. 1, 13)." Here are two of the numerous different meanings of the verb *Etre*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Cette maison *est* à moi (= *m'appartient*). This house belongs to me.
2. Je *suis* à vous dans un moment (= *attendez-moi*, *coming back*; I will attend *je reviens* à l'instant, or *je vais m'occuper* de vous dans un moment). to you in a moment.

In order not to trespass too much upon my readers' time and attention, I am obliged to leave out a score or two of examples containing the many different meanings of the verb *Etre*. The two given above will, I hope, prove sufficient for my purpose. Amongst the examples

omitted, there is one which will help me much, it is "Il est" for "Il y a."

EXAMPLES.

Il est des hommes que la résistance ranime.—Littre
Il y a dix hommes dans la rue.*

Both in the English and French languages, the verb *to be* (*être*) is sometimes used for *avoir* (*to have*). Example: Elle s'est tuée (she has shot or killed herself). Here the verb *être* is but the verb *avoir*, so to speak, in disguise. (=Elle a tué elle-même). The educated French, in the compound tenses of their reflexive verbs, use the auxiliary *être* for *avoir*. Among French peasants, one still hears, occasionally, the verb *avoir* in the compound tenses of reflexive verbs. One instance of this peculiarity in the French language is to be found in the charming little comedy "La Poudre aux Yeux," by Labiche and Martin, p. 54. The maidservant, a country girl, has submitted to her mistress a list of the articles that she bought at the market, together with an account of some other expenses:—

MADAME MALINGEAR (reading the notes): Un lapin, cinquante sous. . . . C'est horriblement cher!

SOPHIE (the maid): Madame, il y a une maladie sur les lapins.

MADAME MALINGEAR (continuing): La bretelle à Monsieur, cinq sous. Comment, la bretelle?

SOPHIE: La boucle qui s'avait cassé (=qui s'était cassée)"—(the buckle of one of master's braces, which was broken).

The following are, to my mind, the different interpretations of which the question *Qui est là?* for instance, is susceptible.

(a) Qui ai-je devant moi? Answer: *Moi*, or me? Answer: *Me* or you vous m'avez devant vous. have *me* before you.

(b) Qui vois-je devant moi? Answer: *Moi*, or fore me? Answer: *Me* or vous *me* voyez devant vous. you see *me* before you.

(c) (When somebody knocks): Qui entend-je là? there? Answer: *Me* or Answer: *Moi*, or vous you hear *me*. m'entendez.

Now, coming to Dean Alford's remarks: "I write a letter inviting a friend who is very particular on these points, to come to Canterbury. I write in some fear and trembling. All my adverbs are (what I should call) misplaced, that I may not offend him. But at last, I am obliged to transgress, in spite of my good resolutions. I am promising to meet him at the station, and I was going to write: 'If you see on the platform "an old party in a shovel," that will be I.' But my pen refuses to sanction (to endorse, I believe I ought to say, but I cannot) the construction. 'That will be *me*' comes from it, in spite, as I said, of my resolve of the best possible behaviour." At the time of my discussion with the "Old Linguist," I should not have hesitated to say *that will be I*=that will be no other than I (am), just as I would say now, without hesitation, in answer to this question: Are you Mr. X? Yes, I am *he*, in conformity with the prevalent rule in the Latin, English, and other languages, in which the verb *Esse* (or *to be*, etc.), requires the same case after it as before it. But in the example under consideration, with my fresh experience in connection with the point at issue, I cannot help putting the pronoun in the accusative or objective case, as it is now called, my humble judgment telling me that the personal pronoun alluded to by Dean

Alford is governed in reality, here, by the preposition *but* understood (=you will see no one else *but me*).

Wright, in his English Dialect Grammar (Chap. of Pron. p. 75, No. 402) says: In all the dialects of Sc. and Eng. the *objective* form of the personal pronoun is used for the *nominative*.

1. After the substantive verb, as it was *her* that did that (= we can charge *her* (obj.) with having done that).

2. When standing alone, as 'Who did that? *Her*.' (= I charge *her* (obj.) with having done that).

3. When the verb refers to different persons, as '*Him* and *me* did it. Jack and *us* went together (= you can charge *him* [obj.] and *me* [obj.] with having done it, or the blame can be laid on *him* and (on) *me*. People could have seen Jack (obj.) and *us* (obj.) go together.)

Grammatical justification of the use of the nominative after the verb *to be*, and after *than* and *as*.

1. Who is there? It is *I* (who am there).

2. Is she as tall as *I* (am)?

3. She is better than *I* (am).

4. She is worse than *I* (am).

5. Who did that? *I* (did it).

Who did that? *He* (did it).

Who did that? *She* (did it).

6. *X* can do that better than *I* (can do it).

X can do that better than *he* (can do it).

X can do that better than *she* (can do it).

X can do that better than *him* (=better than you believe *him* capable of doing that).

X can do that better than *her* (=better than you believe *her* capable of doing that).

X can do that better than *him* (=better than you believe *him* capable of doing that).

7. I love you more than *he* (loves you).

7. I love you more than *him* (=than I love *him*).

On the same principle, and in the same breath, it will now be possible to defend King George III and the following authors who are supposed to have sinned against the established grammatical rule:—(a) "Why, that *me*!" (=Why, they allude to *me*, or why, that's (a picture of) *me*!) George III.* (b) "It is not *me* you are in love with" (=It is not with *me* (that) you are in love). Addison.

(c) "This shy creature, my brother says is *me*" (= my brother calls *me* this shy creature, or my brother says (that) this shy creature is a living picture of *me*); "Were it *me* I'd show him the difference" (= If he had to deal with *me*, I would show him the difference). "Clarissa Harlowe."

(d) "Is she as tall as *me*?" (=as you see *me*,

* We say *il y a*, when the statement is not vague.

* Bain's Higher Grammar p. 315.

or is she tall like *me*? Shakespeare. (e) "She suffers hourly more than *me*" (=she suffers hourly more, compared to *me*). Swift. etc.

Therefore, to use Dr. Latham's words: to say, in future, that either of these two different interpretations of the French expressions *C'est moi, il est aussi grand, plus grand, moins grand, que moi*, etc., is incorrect would be to assume the point. I even make bold to say that the rising generation might see, in the near future, even in the best English grammar, two rules having the same unbiased spirit as the following:—

Philologists' Rule:—	Grammatical Custom's Rule:—
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The verb *to be*, through all its variations, has the same case after it, expressed or understood, as that which next precedes it.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

The people use *me, him, her*, etc., instead of *I, he, she*, etc. after the verb *to be* and after such conjunctions as *than* and *as*, because they give to the verb *to be* and to the conjunctions *as* and *than* interpretations that differ from those of philologists.

I now beg to bring my remarks to a close, apologizing for their length, leaving my case in the hands of the jury to which I have taken the liberty to appeal. I trust that the verdict of the learned ladies and gentlemen will be in my favour; that they will be satisfied that *me*, which has hitherto been considered, by linguists, as the twin brother of the French pronoun *moi*, in the expression *c'est moi*, claims no relationship whatever with that pronoun; that it is related only to the dative pronoun *moi* in *donnez-moi*, etc.; that it is the legitimate offspring of its Saxon parents *mec, meh*, and that it is entitled to the same legal rights as its brothers (the dative and accusative), being able, like them, to boast of the same etymology, of the same orthography and of the same syntax. I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

"FAIR TRADE" AND IMPERIAL FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I am afraid that the ideal of Imperial Free Trade has proved so dazzling to Mr. Edwin Ridley as to prevent him from seeing quite clearly what other people's opinions are, even when they are explained with much care and as lucidly as possible. At any rate, in Mr. Ridley's version my arguments are most gloriously mixed, and consumers and producers change places in most hilarious fashion. I will not take up your valuable space with a repetition of what I have already said; but will come at once to the subject really in dispute—the benefit or otherwise of Imperial Free Trade.

There are three points of view to be considered:—

(1) *Universal Free Trade*.—In this, all foreign trade is to be absolutely free and unrestricted; and the whole world is to be regarded as one vast state commercially—and in time, perhaps, politically also.

(2) *Imperial Free Trade*.—Here the unit is, not the *World*, but the *British Empire*—a decided narrowing of interests. The various countries forming the British Empire must devote themselves to that for which they are respectively best suited; and it may well be that agriculture in the United Kingdom will be obliged to succumb to the inflow of untaxed wheat from Canada.

(3) *Fair Trade*.—The narrowing process continues, and the unit dwindles to (dare I admit it?) *our own country*.

We actually want to be self-contained, to grow our own food as far as possible, to be independent of expensively guarded ocean routes. And we propose (to what heights of folly will the human mind not aspire!) to charge outside users of the British market exactly what our own producers pay, and not to grant free entry thereto, either to foreigners or to colonials.

One word in conclusion as to Mr. Ridley's ideal, Imperial Free Trade. It is obviously based on the assumption that, come what may, the British Empire is bound to continue as a definite unit with a common defence and a common foreign policy. It is not for me to prophesy; and I can only venture to record my own opinion, which is that the lasting nature of the British Empire should by no means be assumed as a foregone conclusion. The rapid growth of Canada to full and vigorous nationhood is even now presenting problems which may tax the ingenuity of statesmen however imperially minded. We are in fact faced with the possibility of a world-wide Empire with *two* centres—England and Canada. That is something new in the world's history, and I would certainly hesitate before staking everything on the continued existence of such a condition.

Then, in addition to the surprising growth of Canada, there is the immense attractive force of the United States to be taken into account. Already the States are looking to Canada for *food supplies*; and I cannot but think that before long the States will be looking to Canada for *men* also. Let me explain what I mean. It can scarcely be doubted that the United States will eventually be compelled, however much against their will, to assume control of Mexico; because the existence, between their own territory and the Panama Canal, of a strong independent and not over friendly nation would be a constant menace to their safety. And eventually the northern provinces of Mexico will of necessity become incorporated in the States, and will tend to shift the political centre of gravity further south and to weaken Anglo-Saxon domination in the Republic. I anticipate that with a view to counter-balance this tendency strong inducements will be held out to Canada to enter a Great North-American Confederation, on equal terms and with the speedy prospect of securing a controlling interest. Nor do I see how Canada can well refuse, having regard to the necessity of securing her own safety and prosperity, to say nothing of the impelling force of a great ideal—that of forming part of a vast Republic controlling the destinies and the welfare of the two Americas. Canada as a part of the British Empire may *advise*; as a part of the North-American Republic she will to a very large extent *control*, in virtue of her invigorating climate and the Anglo-Saxon quality of her inhabitants. I commend these considerations to those who look to Imperial Free Trade as the ultimate goal of their ambitions.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution.

THE PROGRESS OF BASKISH STUDIES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The friendly opinion of my *Synopsis* of the Limbs of the Verb used by Leicarraga in his Baskish New Testament in 1571, which Dr. A. H. Sayce has often expressed to me by letters, or in conversation in his chambers at the Queen's College in recent years, as well as in the *Saturday Review* of August 7, 1912, the *Athenæum* of September 14, 1912, and the *Hermathena*, printed in Trinity College, Dublin, in November, 1912, seems to compel me to answer some questions which he raises in one of

the other, or in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, of Berlin, for July 19, 1913.

1. *Hil-argi* must, by the syntactical rules of the Baskish language, mean "month-light," and not "dead light," *lumen mortuum*. "Dead light" would be *argi hil*. It is true that the ancient topographical names of Baskland may perhaps have taken the epithet as a prefix, instead of after the noun post-positively. But can we prove that the Basks ever regarded the moon as part of their topography? *Hil-argi* might be a legitimate shortening of *hilen-argi*=*mortuorum lumen*, i.e., "light of the dead." But there seems to be no proof that the primitive *Heuskaldunak* regarded our satellite under that conception, or superstition. Leizarraga himself in *Testamentu Berria* uses *hil*, *hile*, in the sense of "month," and no doubt at first it meant "dead," or "finished moon." So that *hil-argi* means "moon-light," or "month-light," as differing from the luminaries known as the stars, or the sun. The Southern Basks, in Roncal and Soule, call the moon *gai-ko-a*, i.e., "the (light)-of-night," which recalls the Mosaic poem of creation in Genesis 1, 16. The universal Baskish name of the sun is *iguski*, meaning *cauldron*, *boiler*; that of the stars is *arrak*, meaning *measures*, unless by chance it is a cousin of our *star*, or *stare*.

2. My reason for connecting *Bassai* in the Peloponnesos with Baskish *bassa*, or *baso*, was this. Things which are equal to the same things are equal to one another. Now these Baskish words mean a wild, woody, desert place, a "weld," or "wald," and may even be akin to Gaelic *bas*=*"death,"* as such places must have seemed to the Ancients death-like and deadly, compared with the cultivated, inhabited, roady land. It is applied to such districts as the bogs of Eireland, where forests are represented only by roots, and stumps of trees, called "hags" for their sterility, or as the deer forests of Scotland, where no trees are left, as in the Isle of Skye, but principally to the mountains. Thus *bas-ahuntza* means the wild, or mountain-goat, *basa-hurdea* the wild boar, *javali*, *sanglier*. Leizarraga calls the *sykamoréa* in St. Luke 19, 4, the passage to which Dr. Sayce referred, *bassa-ficotse*; and *bassa-bestiés* in Revelation 6, 8, means "by the wild beasts."

That the ancient Basks attached much importance to woods and forests is certain from their place-names, many of which are dendrological.

For instance, Zuazu, the name of a village in Biscaya, means "full-of-trees," and many trees remain in its *comarea*. Then one of those most precious "Refranes y Sentencias" of the year 1596, mentioned by Larramendi in 1745, and preserved in the Schloss-Bibliothek in Darmstadt, awaiting reproduction in facsimile; of which I published an account in *El Noticiero Bilbaino* of January 8, 1900, runs thus:

"Basoa eta ibaya auso:
Au estaben echea gaso!"

Which means:

The wood and the stream near the door:
The house that hath not this is poor!

This is not the proper place to make a list of primitive Greek words which may be conjectured to be akin to those of the Iberian Basks. But some must occur to any Hellenist who peruses a trustworthy Baskish Lexikon. In the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, by W. Smith (London, 1857), the Temple of Bassai is said to stand in the "wild desolation of the surrounding scenery . . . in the midst of a wilderness of rocks studded with old, knotty oaks." On p. 255 of "Peloponnesus," by W. G. Clark (London: 1858), we read: "the columns

at Bassæ stand in a desert among rough rocks of kindred limestone, and surrounded by a scattered forest of oaks. . . ; of this temple in the wilderness we know the whole history, thanks to Pausanias." To a Bask such a site would recall the words *basa*, *baso*. *Bassa* is Doric for *Beessa*, "a wooded comb or glen." It has been suggested that the Vascones, from whom the Vasconicati or Bascongados of our times are thought to descend, got their name from this word, as being "men of the woods."

3. My book, being itself an *index*, or *tabula*, to the portion of the Baskish New Testament which it analyses, I do not understand what sort of an Index or Alphabetical List Dr. Sayce thinks that I ought to have added to it. I was compelled to confine its contents to 200 pages. The unpublished parts of my *Synopsis* of the Leizarragan Verb, which will very soon be ready as an amalgamated whole, form a more extended survey than any which has yet seen the light, and concern the members of the Verb, about 1681 of them, which occur in the Gospel of St. John, the Acts, the Epistles to the Romans, the Corinthians, and Bishop Titos, the Epistles of St. James and St. Peter, and the Apocalypse. I hope that I shall find the means of publishing it in 1914, as a contribution to grammatical science.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir.—Regarding the fatuous remarks your critic makes this week on piano literature, may I ask him if he knows any English works for the piano? It is a little tiresome at this time of day to correct critics on matters in which they have not (and never have had) any interest. He remarks that no one writes for our Percy Graingers. He knows as well as I do, or ought to, that there is a great deal of piano literature fit for our serious players—by Dale, Bower, Scott-Gardiner, Bantock-Clutsam, Dunhill; and I have also written a little, including a Concerto and two Suites. Our young giants on the piano are like our critics—they prefer the classics, and Ravel, Debussy, Strauss-Reger, and the rest. They will not play any native works, and this is why our art is scoffed at to-day. But it is too much to be told that we do not write any works. Of course, we cannot be held in the same esteem as the giants from the Continent are; we hardly expect it!—Yours,

JOSEF HOLBROOKE.

[Our Musical Critic is at present out of town; he will reply to Mr. Holbrooke's letter on his return.—Editor, THE ACADEMY.]

With the New Year Mr. John Edward Francis, representing the third generation of the family, will assume entire responsibility for *The Athenæum*. Mr. John Collins Francis, who became a proprietor under the will of Sir Charles Dilke and has for over thirty years carried forward the traditions and fortunes of the paper upheld for half a century by his father before him, feels that the interests of the future will be best served by the younger generation taking the control while there is every opportunity for consultation with the elder. Mr. John Edward Francis has acted as manager under both the above-named proprietors, and we trust that it is unnecessary to say that change of policy is not even contemplated. The price of *The Athenæum* will be advanced to that charged by most other weekly papers, namely, sixpence.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- More About Collecting.* By Sir James Yoxall, M.P. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)
- The Friendly Road: New Adventures in Contentment.* By David Grayson. (Andrew Melrose. 5s. net.)
- Friends of the River-side.* By R. E. Green, M.R.S.A. Illustrated. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)
- Representative English Comedies. Vol. II. The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare.* Under the General Editorship of Charles Mills Gayley, Litt.D., LL.D. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)
- Mary Goes First.* A Comedy in Three Acts and an Epilogue by Henry Arthur Jones. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.)
- National Principles and National Duty.* By the Author of "National Revival." (Women's Printing Society. 1s.)
- Masonic Papers.* By Jivanji Jamshedji Modi, B.A. (Published by the Author, Mithi Lodge, Colaba, Bombay.)
- The Early Weights and Measures of Mankind.* By General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G. (Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. 7s. 6d.)
- Ovid and the Renaissance in Spain.* By Rudolph Schevill. (University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A. \$2.50.)
- The Great Appeal of the Cavendish Association to Men of the Public Schools and Universities.* (John Murray. 6d. net.)
- Woman Suffrage and a Woman's Chamber: A Possible Solution.* By Thomas Watson Duncan. (Hay Nisbet and Co., Glasgow.)
- How We may Show our Museums and Art Galleries to the Blind.* An illustrated Report of some Experiments by J. A. Charlton Deas. (Sunderland Public Libraries Committee.)
- Der Mittelenglische Versroman über Richard Lowenhers.* By Karl Brunner. (Wilhelm Braumüller, Leipzig. 15 marks.)
- Edmund Burke und die französische Revolution.* By Friedrich Meusel. (Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, Berlin. 5 marks.)
- Sir John Davies, sein Leben und seine Werke.* By Margarete Seeman. (Wilhelm Braumüller, Leipzig. 4 marks.)
- Another Book of the Sirens.* By Rathmell Wilson. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome in Word and Picture.* By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B., D.D. Illustrated. Part I. (R. and T. Washbourne. 1s. 3d. net.)
- Old English Costumes: A Sequence of Fashions through the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.* With Descriptive Notes by Philip Gibbs. (Harrod's, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Excavations at Ain Shems (Beth-Shemesh).* By Duncan Mackenzie, Ph.D. Illustrated. (Palestine Exploration Fund Offices. Double Vol. 31s. 6d.)
- A Descriptive Catalogue of Old English Pattern Books of the Metal Trades.* Illustrated. (Victoria and Albert Museum. 6d.)
- Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography.* Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Epochs of Civilisation.* By Pramatha Nath Bose, B.Sc. (W. Newman and Co., Calcutta.)

- Henry Lawson, ein Australischer Dichter.* By Adele Fuchs. (Wilhelm Braumüller, Leipzig. 3 marks.)
- Memories of a Musician: Reminiscences of Seventy Years of Musical Life.* By Wilhelm Ganz. Illustrated. (John Murray. 12s. net.)
- India of To-Day.* By E. C. Meysey-Thorpson, M.P. With a Map. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)
- Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country, Their Friendship, Work, and Surroundings.* By Professor Knight. Illustrated. (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d. net.)

JUVENILE.

- Four Plays for Children.* By Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. net.)
- The Weighford Chums.* By the Rev. B. E. Evans, M.A. (Murray and Evenden. 3s. 6d.)

THEOLOGY.

- The Romance of Bible Chronology. Vols. I and II.* By the Rev. Martin Anstey, M.A. (Marshall Bros. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Secret Doctrine in Israel: A Study of the Zoroastrian and its Connections.* By Arthur Edward Waite. Illustrated. (Wm. Rider and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

- The Passion of Kathleen Duveen.* By L. T. Meade. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- Rough-Hewers.* By Agnes L. Neild. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

VERSE.

- Cities of Dreams and Other Poems.* By Leslie Wood. (Alexander Moring. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Apes and Peacocks.* By Norman Boothroyd. (Erskine Macdonald.)
- Flint and Feather.* Collected Verse by E. Pauline Johnson. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.)
- The Saga of King Lir.* By George Sigerson. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)
- Broad-Sheet Ballads.* A Collection of Irish Popular Songs with an Introduction by Padraic Colum. With a Frontispiece. (Maunsel and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Songs of Aphrodite, and Other Poems.* By Margaret Sackville. (Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)
- A Woman's Reliquary.* (Cuala Press, Dundrum, Ireland. 10s. 6d.)
- The Wild Harp.* A Selection from Irish Poetry by Katharine Tynan. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods.* With Portrait Frontispiece. (John Lane. 5s. net.)
- Flowers from a Poet's Garden.* By J. Harold Carpenter. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Horace Ward Chandler. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 2s. 6d.)
- The Poet's Symphony.* Arranged by George Hyde Wollaston. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 5s. net.)
- Poèmes.* By Régnier. With Portrait. ("Mercure de France." 3 fr. 50 c.)

PERIODICALS.

- Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique; The Collegian; Wednesday Review; Book Lover; Three Arts Journal; Literary Digest; Literary Year-Book, 1914; Boy's Own Paper; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Sunday at Home; Friendly Greetings; Everyone's; Cambridge University Reporter; La Revue; Mercure de France; Atlantic Monthly; Bookseller.*

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